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DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

A very pleasant incident took place at Tientsin during the return to the settlement of Admiral Seymour's allied force from the Hai Kwan Su, or Eastern Arsenal. The only available road, or rather path, was behind a large mud wall, originally built for the defence of Tientsin, along which everyone hurried in their zeal to get home to dinner. The four guns of the Hong Kong Artillery, which were hauled by man draft, were naturally the slowest in the race, although a party of the 1st Chinese Regiment, about 100 strong, under Captain Barnes, which had been told off as escort, were all employed assisting the gunners to keep their guns moving. About a quarter of a mile along the mud wall a canal had to be crossed by a bridge exposed to a very heavy fire from the Tientsin city wall, and some snipers who were close to it. As each gun had to be hauled slowly by hand diagonally

up a steep bank, over the bridge, and down into cover on the other side, it speaks well for the steadiness of our new Chinese troops that, although exposed, necessarily in great clumps, to a heavy fire, they never faltered in their work. It is certain, however, that they would not have accomplished the task with the few losses they sustained had it not been for the action of some fifty of the American Marines, under Major Waller, who, whenever a gun or limber was about to be taken across the bridge, opened a heavy fire upon the enemy, materially keeping down their fire. The incident made a very good impression, for, although there were only some half-dozen British officers with the guns and their Chinese escort, the men being all natives of India or China, it proved that the American Marines, as they themselves said, desired to regard all the Queen's subjects, of whatever colour, as comrades.

"BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER": AMERICAN MARINES COVERING THE OPERATIONS OF THE BRITISH FORCE AT TIENTSIN

Topics of the Week

Our
Nearest
Neighbour

THE meeting of the British Chambers of Commerce in Paris has brought into public prominence a fact that has for some time past been dimly visible to close observers—to wit, that the relations between England and France have in the last few months very greatly improved. On the side of France the improvement is largely due to the quiescence of the Dreyfus case. The somewhat exaggerated zeal with which the cause of Dreyfus was championed in this country induced the so-called "Nationalists" in France to direct against England part of the venom which appears to be a characteristic of anti-Semitism. Happily for France, if not happily for himself, Dreyfus is half forgotten, and it is no longer necessary for the ultra-patriots to rage against all who befriended him. The progress of the South African War has also had a beneficial influence on the relations between the two countries. At the outset of the war, when it seemed as if the Boers were going to drive the British into the sea, Frenchmen who had only heard the Boer side of the dispute and were convinced that we were in the wrong, felt also something like contempt for our apparent weakness. Such a feeling made friendship impossible. It has been removed by the rapid crumbling of the Boer power as soon as Lord Roberts took the field with an adequate force. On our side, too, the campaign has had a sobering influence. It has made us realise the cost and the uncertainty of all war, and has made even the music-hall jingoes less inclined to fling verbal challenges to all the world. We find ourselves, therefore, ready and eager to welcome the first signs of increasing friendliness on the part of our nearest neighbour. It may safely be said that there are no two countries in the world so closely dependent upon one another for the interchange of ideas as well as of commodities. England, without the stimulus of French literature and French science and French art, would tend to become as dull and heavy as a banquet without French wine. On the other hand, the ideas that France so brilliantly originates are slowly forged by British practicality into solid and permanent shape. It is the very divergence of the qualities that makes it important that we should be good friends, and that makes us always hark back to that friendship with renewed fervour after every period of mutual pouting.

The
Chinese
Problem

THE well-worn taunts which are so freely hurled at International diplomacy whenever any tangle occurs would be quite out of place in connection with the Chinese problem. So great and intricate are the complications already in evidence that there is the fullest occasion for the Powers to display hesitancy. All the same, some ground has been gained in the direction of a satisfactory settlement. The Russian proposal, so humiliating, so suicidal, is practically out of court, so far as the immediate withdrawal of the Allied forces from Peking goes. Two English Cabinet Ministers have just declared, without any mincing of phrases, that the British contingent will hold on, whether alone or in company, until the desired end is attained. Germany virtually stands on the same platform, while the Washington Government, after having said ditto to Russia at first, is now understood to favour the continuance of the military occupation of the Chinese capital by a smaller number of foreign troops than are at present so employed. Japan has not yet spoken explicitly in the one way or the other; her prudent statesmen are naturally, and quite justifiably, disinclined to give umbrage to the Power which was tamely permitted by England and Germany to deprive their country of the fruits of victory. But the interests, both political and commercial, of the insular kingdom being vitally concerned in insuring the future tranquillity and stability of the Celestial Empire, it would be unaccountable if her gallant troops were called back from Peking before that purpose is in course of accomplishment. On the whole, the situation may be considered brighter than it was a week ago.

"THE BRITISH VOLUNTEERS,"

By HORACE WYNDHAM,

Author of "The Queen's Service."

This interesting series now running in

THE GOLDEN PENNY

is meeting with much appreciation from Volunteers all over the Kingdom. The Articles are welcomed as a unique record of the Volunteer movement, the value of which is very much increased by the excellent illustrations.

This Week

THE 1ST MIDDLESEX (VICTORIA AND ST. GEORGE'S)
V.R.C.

is dealt with,

Illustrated with the following photographs:—

Officers receiving orders in camp from Colonel Bird.
The Band at the head of Battalion returning home.
A detachment of Cyclists in camp.
Colonel Bird, V.D., and officers.

Nearing
the
End

THE very poor resistance offered by the Boers at Lydenburg, Spitzkop, and other immensely strong positions seems to indicate that the rank and file no longer put faith in Mr. Kruger's promises of coming victory. Dull-witted and ignorant as the valiant burghers are supposed to be, they must be deducing their own conclusions from the fact that both he and Mr. Steyn take right good care to keep at a safe distance from the formerly despised roineks. Both ex-Presidents content themselves with urging the worn-out remnants of their once splendid fighting forces to "go in and win," while Louis Botha and De Wet, fully aware as they must be that the end is close at hand, wait for each other to be the first to surrender. That chivalrous feeling can be both understood and appreciated; these gallant commanders have a perfect right to safeguard the high reputations they have won by their skill under arms. But the ex-Presidents have not acquired any reputations either for military skill or courage, and the best thing they could do would be to take themselves off to the Continent with their plethoric money-bags. That would, at all events, save useless loss of life in guerilla warfare, the only method left for prolonging the campaign. Happily, the Boers greatly dread the deadly malaria which dominates much of the Eastern Transvaal during the rainy season, and this fear, coupled with the uninterrupted advance of Sir Redvers Buller and General Ian Hamilton, should before long operate as a solvent of Boer resistance to the inevitable. The work has occupied very nearly a year in its performance, but about its completeness there cannot, happily, be any question.

The
General
Election

RUMOURS have been busy, especially since the proclamation of the annexation of the Transvaal, concerning the date of that appeal to the constituencies which can scarcely be long delayed. Some well-informed authorities have even gone so far as to fix the precise date of the Dissolution, and to state positively that the polling will take place before the end of next month. That is by no means improbable; indeed it would seem to be more likely than not, because, on the one hand, there are good reasons for choosing this year rather than next, and, on the other, to postpone the date would be to interfere with the municipal and School Board elections. Nevertheless, the fact remains that, to all appearance, nobody knows, except the Prime Minister, with whom the decision rests. The Home Secretary recently declared that he knew no more about it than did the audience he was addressing. Lord George Hamilton also has told his hearers that an election "may take place within the next twelve months." Legally it might even be postponed until the August of the year after next; but that is a contingency which need not be contemplated. Meanwhile the Radicals are imputing to Lord Salisbury every kind of political sharp practice that the brain of a pettifogging politician could devise. It never seems to occur to them that the Premier may possibly be animated by motives at least as patriotic as their own. If Lord Salisbury seeks a fresh mandate from the constituencies before entering on the vast work of shaping the future constitution of South Africa and reforming the British Army, he will be acting in a manner which is absolutely constitutional and obviously proper. And what difference it can make to the Opposition whether they are beaten this year or next—beaten they will assuredly be in either event—is more than we can see. It is really not the fault of Ministers if their opponents are a divided party consequently no tangible platform.

The
American
Presidency

THE wordy manifesto just issued by President McKinley would be considered a very poor performance on this side of the Atlantic by electioneering wire-pullers. Their art lies in so packing their persuasive talk as to only put into the minds of electors so much matter as they can comfortably contain. Was it the astute Diraeli, or smiling Pam, or some other master of electoral tactics, who declared that "a good cry was more than half the battle" when appealing to the many-headed for their votes? But Americans have a peculiar faculty for loving the big in all things, and Mr. McKinley was, no doubt, wise in his generation to satisfy this craving. Not that he tells the man in the street anything which the average citizen did not know long ago. Both the Republican and the Democratic programmes have been under popular criticism for a considerable time, and it is a safe assumption that every elector has come to final judgment on their respective merits and demerits. The issue of the forthcoming contest will mainly turn on what is called in the States "expansionism" but which we name Imperialism. Here we have a really vital question, completely overshadowing bimetallicism, anti-trustism, Tammanyism, and the Bryan variety of socialism. At the last Presidential election no sane American conceived the possibility that in four years' time the electorate would be invited to say whether the United States should throw overboard the Monroe Doctrine in order to become a World Power, with world-wide responsibilities and liabilities. Destiny has, however, forced that fate-fraught issue to the front, and President McKinley, of all men, has to "take the flure" as the leading performer in the queerest Imperialist dance any Republic ever essayed.

At the Court
of Belgrade

KING ALEXANDER's letter to the Tsar form announcing his marriage has been replied to by the great Autocrat in a communication full of goodwill and implied Imperial protection. The King of Serbia, who, as might have been expected from the son of his father and his mother, is a young man with a will of his own; and he appears to have made up his mind to lean wholly on the Russian side, which his mother's Russian blood must have inclined him rather than to seek the good grace of Austria according to the example of his father, the ex-King Milan. Very likely he is in his generation, and, in any case, there is always something sympathetic about the personality of a young Sovereign makes it clear that he knows his own mind. It is unfortunate, however, that the domestic squabbles of the House Obrenovitch should still continue to provide material for gaiety of nations. The King's mother, the ex-Queen Nathalie is the latest offender. It appears that this lady has been quite unable to restrain her temper at the marriage of her son with her *quondam* lady-in-waiting. On that subject, indeed, it seems to be in agreement (for the first time for many years) with her husband ex-King Milan. Why the pair should be angry it is not easy to see, for the head of the House Obrenovitch is not of such distinguished lineage that the need be any talk of a *mésalliance*. But the ex-Queen has condescended to write an abusive post-card about her son and daughter-in-law, which has procured the dismissal of the official to whom it was addressed, as well as a warning from King Alexander against "demonstrations calculated to undermine the position of the Royal House." Decidedly they are not a united family, the Obrenovitches, and it may be doubted whether Queen Dragina will find her brand-new crown easy wearing.

Manning
the Navy

OMINOUS voices are beginning to affirm that our military machinery does not stand alone in requiring better adaptation of means to ends. As regards new war-ships the Navy can, it is admitted, afford to make pause until those already in hand are finished. Neither is it contested that our muster-roll of fighting sailors looks to be fairly satisfactory from the standpoint of numerical strength. Where doubt comes in is whether these gallant tars have, taking them collectively, a sufficiency of sea-training. All Naval experts are agreed as to that being essential for perfect efficiency, and it is distinctly alarming to be confronted by apparently trustworthy evidence that not more than half our sailors get such training. If that be the case, there can be little doubt regarding the urgent necessity for reform of method. But there is a collateral matter of scarcely less gravity. Does sea-training in steam-driven war-ships make such good sailors as wind-driven vessels used to produce? The raw materials are, of course, the same, nor is there any difference in the matter of bulldog pluck. But among Naval authorities there are some who consider Jack less dependent on his own skill and personal resources than when he had to fight against winds and waves, against lee-shores and other perils, by sail-power alone. Nowadays, he is taught to "trust to the kettle," as the late Admiral Rous would have put it, and it is a serious question whether his nimble mind would be as fertile of makeshift expedients in any sudden emergency as the less-educated brains of the old salts used to be. Many able and experienced Naval authorities look upon the suggested substitution of steam for sailing training-ships with the greatest misgiving, and would be a danger to our fleet were the change to be made without the fullest investigation and consideration.

The Court

THE QUEEN's stay at Balmoral is unmarked by any festivity, but Her Majesty has already received a number of visits from her relatives. Princess Henry of Battenberg and her children travelled north with Her Majesty. On Tuesday Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia arrived at the Castle, having travelled by the Scotch express from Euston on the previous evening. Princess Margaret and Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught also arrived the same morning. Princess Henry of Prussia has frequently accompanied Her Majesty on her drives, and is still staying at Balmoral. Prince Henry had to leave on Friday afternoon in order to attend the manoeuvres at Stettin at the express order of the German Emperor. On Saturday the Duke and Duchess of York arrived at Balmoral from Drummond Castle, where they have been staying with the Earl and Countess of Ancaster since the 1st inst. The Duke and Duchess, on leaving Drummond Castle, drove to Crieff, where they received a very enthusiastic welcome from crowds of people who had assembled to see them off by train to Ballater.

The Prince of Wales has continued to enjoy good health at

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On Saturday last he received a visit from the Empress Frederick, the Prince and Princess of Schaumburg-Lippe and Prince Frederick Charles of Hesse. The Prince seems to have been very enthusiastically to his motor-car, and has made many visits in the Taunus Hills, and in this way has paid several visits to the Empress Frederick at Friedrichshof. The Prince sailed on Monday, the Royal yacht having gone from London on Friday to bring him back. He was due on Friday at Rufford Abbey in Nottinghamshire, where he will be met by Lord and Lady Saville. The Prince will leave for London on Monday. Here he will pay visits in succession to Mr. Arthur Sassoon at Tulchan Lodge, Morayshire, the Queen of Denmark, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Mar Lodge. It is expected that he will also visit the Duke of Richmond at Gordon Castle, the Princess of Wales, who is still at Fredensborg, will depart for another week or so. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein has been travelling in Switzerland, has rejoined her husband at Fredensborg, and will travel to Scotland with her.

Prince Christian and her two daughters have been enjoying a cruise on the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* on the West Coast. The party are expected to visit Oban, Ballachulish, Tobermory, and Lamlash before they return south. Prince Christian is expected to return to Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Park, about the middle of next month. He has been taking the waters at Harrogate and has been for a few days to Homburg. He will pay visits in Germany before he returns home.

Princess Gleichen, the daughter of the late Prince Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, has been entrusted by the Queen to prepare a model of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

It is expected that the Empress Frederick, whose health continues to improve, will give her family much cause for anxiety, will spend the winter with her son-in-law and daughter, the Duke of Sparta.

Woburn Abbey has been lent by Her Majesty to the Empress Frederick. Aberfeldie is not, as is sometimes thought, a Royal residence, but is rented by the Queen, for whom it has many tender recollections. Aberfeldie was for many years the Scotch residence of the Duchess of Kent, and has in more recent years often been occupied by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

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TO VISITORS TO LONDON.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO-DAY? SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."

ARE YOU GOING TO A PICTURE GALLERY? SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."

ARE YOU GOING TO A THEATRE? SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."

ARE YOU GOING TO A MUSIC HALL? SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."

ARE YOU GOING TO AN EXHIBITION? SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."

ARE YOU GOING TO A CONCERT? SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."



DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT,

At Chailar, on the Manchuria line, the "Boxers" burned down the railway station. All the carriages and trucks were destroyed and one of the engines was derailed and smashed

THE "BOXERS" RISING IN MANCHURIA: DESTROYING RAILWAY STATION

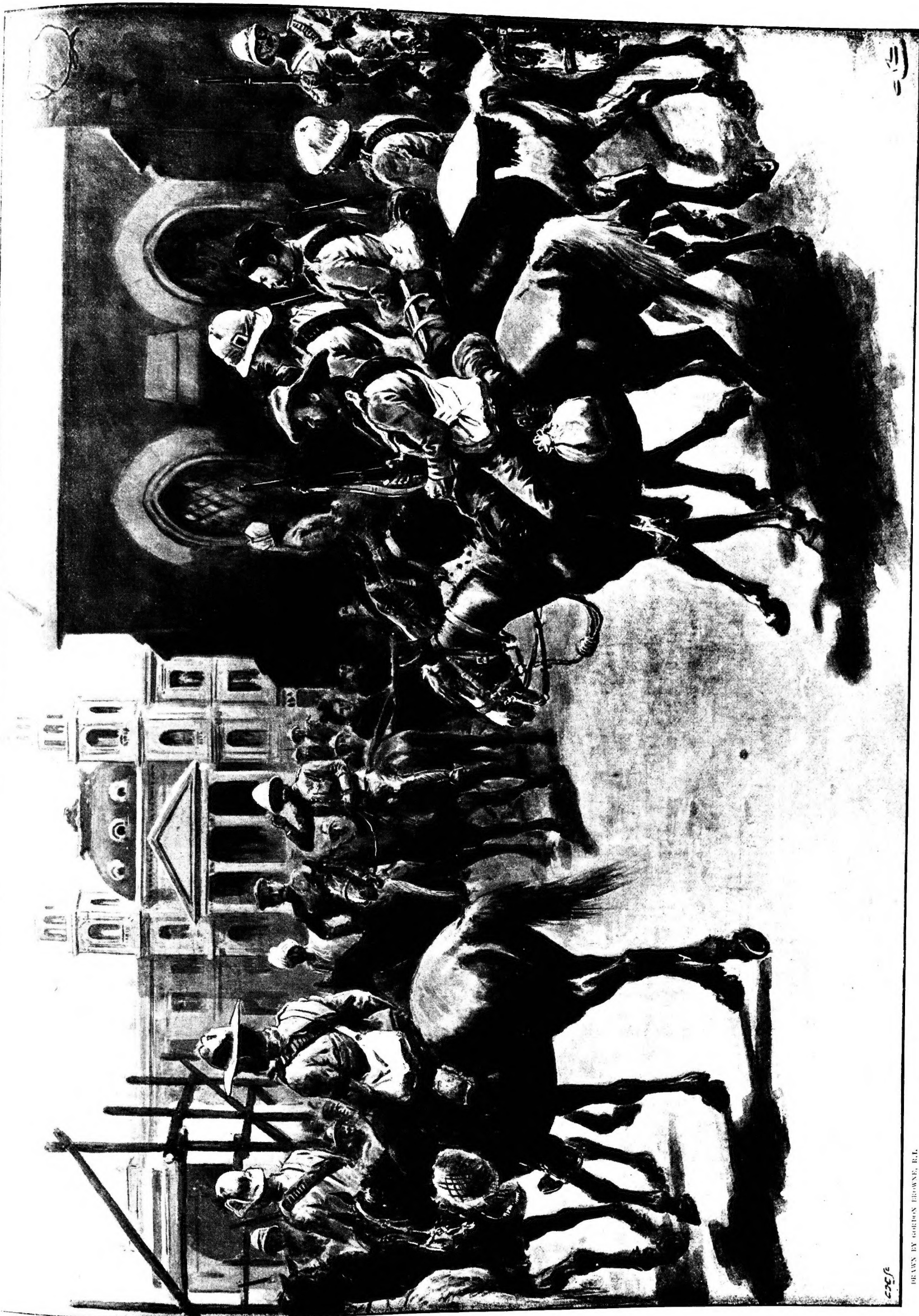


Two hundred delegates from British Chambers of Commerce, accompanied by their wives, arrived at Calais last week, on their way to attend the congress to be held in connection with the Exhibition. They were received at the Gare Maritime by the Sub-Prefect, the Mayor and his deputies, and the members of the Calais Chamber of Commerce. A lunch was given in their honour, at which speeches were delivered by the authorities. M. Briens, Sub-Prefect of Boulogne, and Honorary President of the Calais Chamber

of Commerce, proposed the health of the Queen in very cordial terms. Lord Avebury responded, and proposed the toast of the President of the French Republic, which was received with equal enthusiasm. M. Darquier, the President of the Calais Chamber of Commerce, welcomed the delegates to French soil, and replying, strongly emphasised the friendly feelings towards France which existed in England.

DELEGATES OF BRITISH CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE ENTERTAINED AT LUNCH AT CALAIS

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE



DRAWN BY GORDON BROWN, R.I.

The force which, under General Ian Hamilton, had been operating throughout the greater part of July in the neighbourhood of Beersheba, returned to Pretoria at the end of the month. Lord Roberts reviewed the troops in the main square, and reported that the men looked fit and workmanlike. Some of them, however, bore outward signs of their campaigning

handships; upon many uniforms were traces of hard usage, and the collection of bootlaces was of the most motley description. Many of the horses, too, were in a poor condition, but some of the troopers were mounted on sturdy little ponies which they had commandeered from the Boers. The post-stal by which Lord Roberts took up his position to witness the march

just was intended by some of Mr. Kruger's adherents to support a statue of the ex-President. The statue, however, found the scheme uncompleted. In the carriage behind Lord Roberts were Lady Roberts and her daughters. The troops shown in the illustration are New Zealanders and Queen's Own Buffs.

THE RETURN OF GENERAL IAN HAMILTON'S TROOPS TO PRETORIA: THE MARCH PAST BEFORE LORD ROBERTS

FROM A SKETCH BY COLLINSON MORLEY

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

THOSE who take an intelligent interest in interesting things declare that the Government has urged Lord Roberts to make every reasonable effort to bring the war in South Africa to a close—or what is tantamount to a close—immediately, as the date of the dissolution depends on this. Allowing Lord Roberts three weeks from now to carry out those instructions, and three weeks more to return to England, that calculation would fix the General Election at some date in the month of October after the 20th. The return of Lord Roberts is important, for it will arouse the enthusiasm of the constituencies, and this should be a dominating factor in the elections.

Lord Roberts is a Baron, Lord Wolseley is a Viscount. The former has commanded the largest force that Great Britain has ever placed in the field, and has been victorious in the most serious campaign which the country has been engaged in since the war in the Crimea. It is evident that a Viscountcy would be an insufficient reward, and it is, therefore, almost certain that the Queen will promote him to an Earldom.

It is inevitable, and altogether reasonable, that a statue should be erected to commemorate the services of this great General, and a subscription list for the purpose will be opened almost at once. It is to be hoped that the statue will be placed in Hyde Park, for there should be in future many of the monuments which shall be erected to perpetuate the memory of distinguished Englishmen. There are no better ornaments to a fine park than statues, and throughout Europe the principle has long since been adopted. In London the authorities prefer to sprinkle the streets with monuments. Neither in St. James's Park nor in the Green Park are there any statues, and in Hyde Park there is but one, for the statue of Lord Byron stands in the private gardens attached to the houses in Hamilton Place and the south end of Park Lane.

Modern journalists seem to live in a continual nightmare. According to many of them France is always on the eve of invading England, Russia of invading India, and the Continental Powers of attempting to send our ships to the bottom of the seas. The average newspaper reader is now perturbed because he is led to believe that the Powers are about to fly at each other's throats in connection with China. No such anxiety is troubling the minds of any member of the Cabinet, nor do our Ambassadors foresee any such catastrophe. The Chinese crisis bristles with difficulties and dangers, but those difficulties and dangers are shared with us by the other Powers, and they are not more desirous of going to war than we are.

Shrewd and enterprising City men are directing their attention on China, for the fortunes of the immediate future are to be made on that country. Gold and coal abound in some provinces, and the China market will soon be as prominent a feature in speculative circles as are the South African and Australian. Moreover, the abortive attempt at reaction will greatly facilitate the inevitable process of modernising China, and trade in that country must increase enormously.

London should soon be known as the millionaire city. When the American, South African, Australian, and Chinese millionaires have pulled down all the West End, and erected enormous palaces on the sites of the

old houses, that district should be one of the wonders of the world. Unfortunately, millionaires make money more easily than they keep it, and a crisis in the City may reduce the majority of them to poverty. Who could then succeed them in their palaces? Are we destined to see the West End deserted, to walk through streets of mausoleums?

The military authorities will soon have to cope with an altogether modern difficulty. The spread of "commercialism" in England will attract hundreds of men to commerce whose fathers served in the Army. Until recently only the younger sons of the "well-connected" sought commercial occupation, but as the old families become more and more impoverished, and the distaste for commerce diminishes, the elder sons will follow their example. Where shall the Army then obtain officers? Within the last five years a multitude of young Peers and elder sons of titled men have become associated with commerce, and the tendency is for the number to increase enormously. These are the men who, in former times, joined the Army as a matter of course. That such a difficulty might one day confront them has been ignored by the authorities at the War Office, but shrewd and observant men have for long discussed the matter at the West End clubs and in West End drawing-rooms.

Lord Pauncefoot, the British Ambassador at Washington, has passed the regulation age for retirement, but Lord Salisbury extended his time of service as his presence in the

United States was desirable. The extended period is coming to a close, and Lord Pauncefoot will have to retire before many months are past. It is to be hoped that he may remain at Washington until the Presidential Elections are over, for that is generally a time when a popular British Ambassador is a most necessary personage to have in the States.

It will be difficult to find a suitable diplomatist to replace him, for Lord Pauncefoot has been one of the most successful representatives which this country has sent to Washington. He is a courteous, careful, unemotional man, who has never aimed at brilliancy, and who is content to deal with events as they present themselves, without attempting to develop elaborate policies. He has dealt with each problem which has arisen in a "business" attitude of mind, not with the old-world Machiavelism which many diplomatists imagine to be correct. The result of this treatment is that he is one of the most influential representatives that Great Britain has ever had at Washington. It should also be mentioned that he has held the appointment eleven years—an unprecedented time.

"The Graphic" at the Paris Exhibition

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT)

THE desire expressed by Toddie, the second of "Helen's Babies," to "see the wheels go round" is one shared by a crowd at an exhibition. Another point in which crowds resemble children is in their love for pictures. An exhibition crowd will pass by the finest collection of textiles, instruments of precision, or hundreds of exhibits which may fascinate the expert, but give them machinery in motion, or pictures to look at and they are there by hundreds.

This is why the stand of *The Graphic*, *Daily Graphic* and *Golden Penny*, at the Paris Exhibition, which has been awarded a gold medal, is one of the most popular in the Great World's Fair of 1900. From the earliest hour in the morning hundreds of people surround the linotype machines setting up *The Graphic* "Daily Bulletins." Not the least amusing part of the affair is to hear the theories put forward by the spectators as to the principle on which that marvellous machine works. Some of them generally put forward by the man who "knows all about it" are both amusing and amazing.

When they have satisfied themselves with their inspection of the composing machines, the crowd then proceeds to inspect the pictures hung up all round the walls of the stand, and the works of Reginald Cleaver, Renouard, Sydney Hall, Albert Guillaume, "Mars," Destez, Maud and other *Graphic* artists, come in for their meed of admiration.

The chairs at the long table, where lie the volumes of *The Graphic*, *Daily Graphic*, and *Golden Penny*, are rarely unoccupied, and with the selfishness of the average human being the happy "man in possession" refuses to give up the coveted position till he has looked at the last picture or read the last chapter of the serial story. I was much amused the other day to notice a young man who, after spending the best part of an hour in reading the current novel, calmly take a piece of paper from his pocket and mark the page at which he had left off, with the evident intention of returning another day to finish its perusal.

When the pictures have been inspected the crowd proceeds to watch the pages of the "Bulletin" being made ready for the machine, with that interest which printing work always excites.

But it is when the great colour-printing press begins to run that the crowd assembles—the colour

THE GRAPHIC

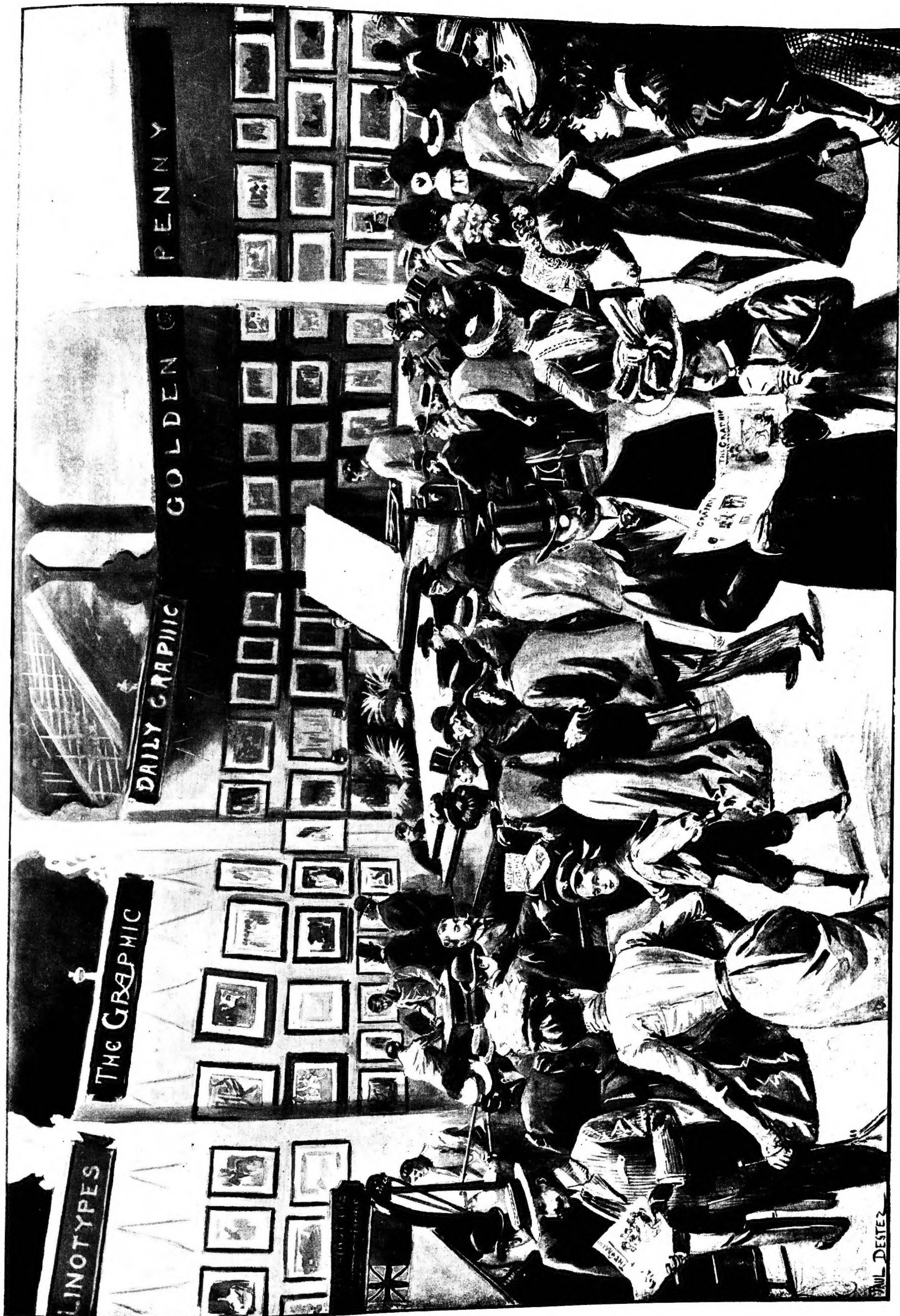
BULLETIN QUOTIDIEN DE L'EXPOSITION



Two-colour Machine by Harrild & Sons, London, driven by Electric Motor supplied by Holmes & Son, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Machine (Système Bremner) construite par MM. Harrild et Fils, à Londres, commandée par un moteur électrique par MM. Holmes et Fils, à Newcastle-on-Tyne.

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF THE FRONTISPIECE OF THE "DAILY BULLETIN," WITH ALL THE NEWS OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION, COMPOSED AND PRINTED IN PRESENCE OF THE PUBLIC IN "THE GRAPHIC" SECTION OF THE EXHIBITION, AND GIVEN AWAY TO VISITORS



THE "GRAPHIC" EXHIBIT AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION; AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL

DRAWN BY PAUL DESTIEZ



DRAWN BY J. J. WAUGH

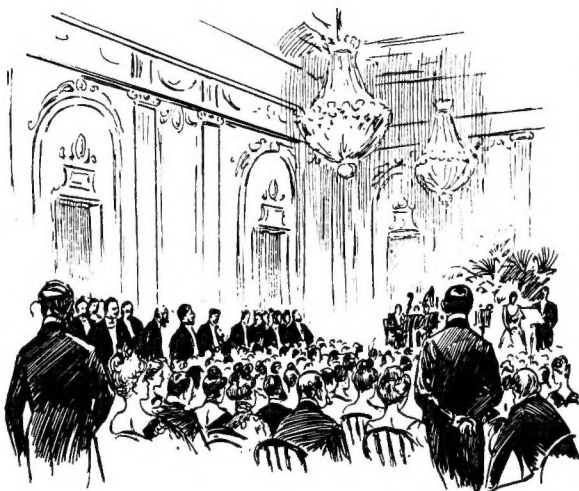
FROM A SKETCH BY E. F. VAN DORT

BOER PRISONERS IN CEYLON ON THEIR WAY FROM COLOMBO TO DIYATALAWA CHEERING MR. KRUGER
"THREE CHEERS FOR 'OOM PAUL'"

Reception by Mr. and Mrs. Jekyll

Concert in the Salle des Fêtes

The Library



The Danse du Directoire

L'Entente Cordiale

The Staircase

The President and members of the Paris Chamber of Commerce gave a reception last week in honour of the Delegates attending the Congress of British Chambers of Commerce. In the absence of M. Moisant, President of the Paris Chamber of Commerce, the guests were received by M. Fumouze, the Vice-President, and Mr. Barclay, President of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris.

M. Millerand, Minister of Commerce, was represented by M. Jules Dupré, the Deputy-Chief of his Cabinet. The spacious building was brilliantly illuminated, and the entertainment included music and performances by talented artists.

DELEGATES OF BRITISH CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE IN PARIS: THE RECEPTION AT THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

DRAWN BY PAUL DESTÈZ



C. F. FRUPP.
AUGUST
1900.

Our Artist writes:—"In a speech delivered at the House of Assembly, Cape Town, on July 24, by Mr. Merriman, who has distinguished himself by an ardent defence of rebellion—when the rebels are Africans—occurred this sentence: 'But to think that the days of Claverhouse should have been brought to a close in South Africa.' This grandiloquent phraseology was in reference to the administration of Mr. Merriman, in those districts of the Cape Colony where the innocent rebels had robbed and destroyed the property of their neighbours who had not allowed themselves to be compelled to be rebels." To quote the expression used by Mr. Merriman and the other Bond apologists for their friends the rebels, I read this precious oratorical effort whilst at work on this sketch, which shows the characteristic behaviour of the 'Brutal' British soldiery to the Dutch, during this campaign. Our 'licentious mercenaries' are engaged, as I witnessed very frequently, in the dastardly practice of purchasing provisions at a farmhouse and bloodthirstily bargaining for goose with the terrified inhabitants. As the British public have few opportunities for following politics in the Colony, I may add that the disingenuous expression made by the same man, Mr. Merriman, who, on the suppression of an insignificant native rebellion, the Laagersburg Rebellion in 1896, advocated hanging as the proper punishment for rebels—when the rebels were natives."

HOW THE "BRUTAL BRITISH SOLDIERS" BEHAVE IN SOUTH AFRICA: A REPLY TO MR. MERRIMAN

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. F. FRUPP, R.W.S.

machine which (supplied by Messrs. Harrild and Sons, of London) prints two colours at one operation. It is driven by an electric motor supplied by Messrs. J. H. Holmes and Co., of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The sound given out by the rollers as they begin to move brings 500 people on the spot within a few seconds, and by the time it has settled down to its steady work they are twenty deep round the railing. Then one hears the "Tiens! Tiens!" from fifty French throats as they see a section of the Christmas number issuing from the press.

From this moment the crowd never ceases, but gets thicker and thicker. Even the linotypes get fewer admirers. Human nature always respects force, and the tireless, ceaseless roll of the heavy rollers impresses the crowd with the idea of power. The only thing that can drag them from the inspection of the machine is the distribution of *The Graphic* "Bulletin." When at two o'clock the little printing machine begins to turn out the copies, there is a perfect rush to get a copy, and M. Dormoy, the representative of *The Graphic*, has his work cut out for him in satisfying the demands of several hundred eager people who all want to be served first. Everyone, especially provincial and foreign visitors, want some souvenir of the Exhibition, some outward proof that they are among those who have "been there," and *The Graphic* "Daily Bulletin" serves this purpose. As it is only issued in the Exhibition, it is a certificate that the holder has visited the great Paris World's Fair.

The fact that it is issued both in French and English, and, moreover, contains a full programme of the day's proceedings at the Exhibition, renders it welcome to everybody, and it goes like "hot cakes," and when the machine ceases to run M. Dormoy has to be adamant to resist the demand for "encore un."

As has already been mentioned, the proprietors of *The Graphic* have been awarded a gold medal for their exhibit. Amongst the eminent English firms who took part in the Paris Exhibition the following have received awards:—Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, three "grand prix," four gold medals and one silver medal for "Sunlight" specialities, toilet soaps, models of Port Sunlight and other factories, workman's model cottage, oil mills and social economy; Messrs. A. and F. Pears, Limited, the only "grand prix" awarded for toilet soap to any British exhibitor; Messrs. Waring, Limited,

two "grand prix" for furniture and decorations; Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, two gold medals for meteorological and scientific instruments generally and for marine and hydrographic instruments; the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, Limited, the "grand prix" for jewellery; Messrs. Mappin Brothers, five medals (two gold) for gold and gem jewellery, gold and silver plate, cutlery, dressing-bags and watches; Messrs. S. Smith and Son, two bronze medals and two honourable mentions for jewellery and watches; the Association of Diamond Merchants, one medal for precious stones from the rough to the finished state; Messrs. Joseph Gillott and Sons, the "grand prix" for pens; Messrs. Suchard, the "grand prix" for chocolate; Messrs. Dewar, the "grand prix" for whisky; Messrs. Bovril, Limited, two gold medals for Bovril and emergency rations; Messrs. J. A. Sharwood and Co., gold medal for their "white label" sauce; Messrs. Scrubb and Co., a diploma for their preparation of ammonia; and Mr. George Vickers, the highest award for inks.

The delegates of the Association of Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom enjoyed their visit to Paris last week. After having been entertained at Calais by M. Darquer, the President of the Calais Chamber of Commerce, the delegates of the Association of Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom arrived in Paris by special train on Tuesday evening. Mr.

Hounsfield (Vice-President), and Mr. Colclough (Secretary), last named gentleman, it should be said, had the arrangement of the visit entirely in his hands.

The delegates of the Associated British Chambers of Commerce had a most enjoyable time on Saturday, the concluding day of their visit to Paris.

The afternoon was spent in the British Colonial Section. The respective Commissioners gave them a most brilliant reception. Only a portion of the Ceylon Pavilion remained open to the public, all the rest of the section—Canada, Westralia, Mauritius, &c.—being reserved for the delegates.

The proceedings lasted from four to seven o'clock. As the guests were treated to dancing and juggling by the Ceylon and an exhibition of Mlle. Cléo de Mérode's art. In an adjoining room Miss Nora Dane, a singer, delighted her hearers.

The fête given in the evening concluded the series of receptions in honour of the delegates. It was organised by Mr. Barclay, the Cambodian Temple, placed kindly at his disposal by M. Nicolas, Commissioner of the French Colonial Section.

The *Figaro* remarks that the visit has offered the British delegates an opportunity not only to enjoy themselves, but to form themselves, and that it is to be hoped during the remaining two months of the Exhibition there will be many other visits of this kind from English people. Our portraits of Mr. Barclay, Mr. Hounsfield and Mr. Colclough are by Professor Stebbing, Paris.



MR. T. C. HOUNSFIELD
Vice-President of the British Chamber of
Commerce of Paris

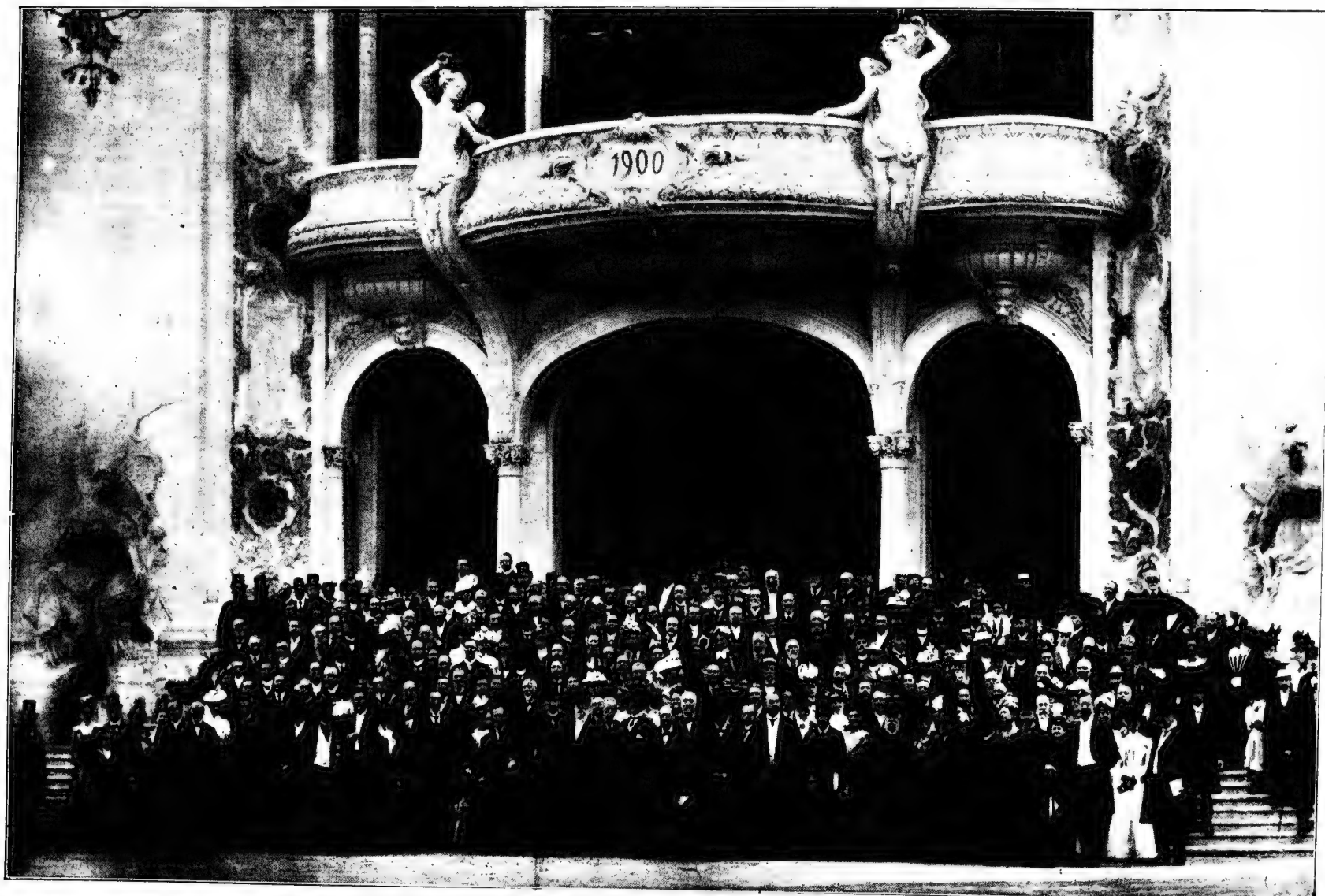


MR. THOMAS BARCLAY
President of the British Chamber of Commerce
of Paris



MR. J. G. COLCLOUGH
Secretary of the British Chamber of Commerce
of Paris

Thomas Barclay, President of the British Chamber of Commerce, introduced M. Millerand, the Minister of Commerce, next morning also to M. Picard, the Commissioner-General for the Exhibition. In the evening they were entertained by the Chamber of Commerce. Lord Avebury, Chairman of the meeting, and M. Vicaire, President of the Chamber of Commerce, changed graciously. The idea of bringing the commercial magnates originated with Mr. Barclay, President of the British Chamber of Commerce. The entertainments followed them a banquet, given by the British-Paris Chamber of Commerce at the Hotel Continental, presided over by Mr. Barclay, who was supported



This group of delegates and ladies accompanying them was taken on the steps of the Khmer Temple, in the Trocadero Gardens

THE VISIT OF THE ASSOCIATION OF BRITISH CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE TO PARIS: A GROUP OF DELEGATES AND VISITORS

From a Photograph by Professor Stebbing, Paris

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

Housekeepers must regret that the price of fruit is still so high, while its abundance in the country is a considerable waste, and dishearten enterprising growers. It is stated that in one village the price of Victoria pears is a pound, and a cottager has been known to refuse to offer of a market gardener to bring some hampers for nothing. "Black Diamond" and Victoria grower only 1s. 9d. a bushel in the open market, manufacturers buy their fruit at 1s. 6d. a bushel. Gloucester apples are now only worth 2s. 6d. a bushel, formerly, they fetched 8s. to 10s. Snowdrop pears 75s. a ton. Black currants alone, for some time, hold their own in the market. The jam makers find seasons to make quantities of jam and keep it required. Yet, with all this, the public are forced to eat the fruit which is not only a delicious aliment but health in hot weather. Jersey has now commenced in potato growing, and the latter county, in its versatility, devotes all its energies to strawberry

Drummond Castle, where the Duke and Duchess are staying, are famous even among the famous and September is the month at which they are seen in perfection. They were laid out in the seventeenth century when gardens formed the great feature of most and space was especially aimed at. The gardens are, and in accordance with the fashion of the day with fifty faces forms the centre of the design, which is of a St. Andrew's Cross.

The quantity of gardens just now is to be found in cactus form, which form an artistic and gorgeous display. Far indeed from the round, prim, uninteresting, earwiggy blossoms of the dahlia of to-day presents the most beautiful thing with the daintiest of form. Pale salmon colour, white, and with rose pink, dark purple, almost black, are some of the tints. The flower, with its loose, curling petals, possesses the softness of the chrysanthemum and makes a glory of the garden where it grows. The culture of chrysanthemums, dahlias, and china asters shows the most wonderful improvement of late years.

We have good reason to be proud of the achievement of the Chinese lady swimmer who made such a plucky attempt to cross the Channel and almost succeeded. It is no mean achievement to swim twenty miles in a choppy sea with the wind and waves beating at your face, and the endurance required for the feat is indeed very remarkable. I understand the lady trains on meat and tea, a curious combination. Few women will ever have the constitution or the hardihood to remain so long in the water, yet that it is not unusual is proved by the lady swimmer's excellent health. In tropical climates people often remain an hour or two in the water without harm. It may be hoped that the relation of such feats will give increased impetus to the art of swimming, so graceful and necessary an accomplishment.

Should the reach of promise cases be encouraged? On the one hand, the times cruel heartlessness displayed by men, in which a verdict of thumping money payments is the greatest punishment to the doer; on the other hand, it is not necessarily the most deserving who choose to go into court. The woman who trusts her fair fame to the tender mercies of her lover will see well the consequences of her act, while the really dignified woman who has suffered most, and whose life is shattered, shrinks from dragging her woes into the law courts. Pecuniary payments can, after all, be a very strangled feelings, very often the least desirable feelings, and anger. The tender, confiding female loves on in the end, and is probably the last to bear witness against a man who has ruined her prospects. No doubt, ample damages marriage, for, such is the strange irony of fate, an unrepentant, or a fair woman in a breach of promise case, numerous applicants anxious to claim her hand.

nothing if not capricious. After the enormous comes the flat headgear, the old mushroom shape, and ostrich feathers, the kind of hat unbecoming to the youngest face, as it was worn in the early thirties. I will its contemporary the "ugly" be revived, that dark which our grandmothers were not ashamed to wear to protect their complexion, but which certainly no pretty woman would be prevailed on to don. Are we more vain in to-day? Certainly the becoming is a study which no woman, however beautiful can afford to neglect.

The other day a rather nice home-made liqueur, composed of brandy and gin. It was in a hunting country and proved a very useful before starting for the covert. It is a pity that the home-made wines, the elderberry, the cowslip, and gooseberry wine are almost never to be found. They were wholesome, pure, and taxed the housewife's talents. A slice of cake and a glass of currant wine has about it a homely hospitality we should grudge to lose.

Ex-President Kruger

By A SOUTH AFRICAN CORRESPONDENT

MUCH has been written about Mr. Kruger's manners and customs, generally to the old man's discredit. It must be admitted, however, that some of the pen-and-ink pictures with which the British public have been familiarized are grossly overdrawn. Mr. Kruger is, indeed, a "rough diamond," but he is by no means destitute of a measure of refinement. I have seen him in his bullying and hectoring moods, when he will brook no opposition, even from his most trusted adherents. At such times the man's weaker points become painfully manifest. His demonstrations of wrath and petulance are almost childish, and he strikes the casual observer as a strong man spoiled by having too much of his own way. But this is only a fleeting impression. It soon vanishes when one sees Mr. Kruger in his more amiable moods. His real strength of character, his gentle firmness, his placid passivity, his mental alertness, which some folks prefer to call cunning, are then revealed. It has been my fortune, perhaps, to see him most frequently in this aspect, and I cannot say that I have been particularly shocked by any of the semi-savage vulgarities with which he is sometimes credited. In the course of conversation on the stoep, over a cup of coffee, he does not, as a rule, expectorate quite so frequently as many well-dressed Englishmen do in second-class smoking-carriages on the railway. Although vehement at times in the expression of his own opinions, as most men of strong character are apt to be, he listens patiently and courteously to those of others—at least, when they are not too violently in conflict with his own. I have exceedingly pleasant recollections of one evening when Mr. Kruger discussed very freely the racial problem which has unfortunately given rise to the present war. On many points he did not appear to be so bigoted as I had been led to expect. He certainly impressed me as a man earnestly desirous of preserving peace, although he was obviously determined, at all hazards, to protect what he called his independence—that is to say, his right to fleece the Uitlanders without the troublesome intermeddling of the paramount Power. That conversation, which took place several years ago, convinced me that war would sooner or later become inevitable, and to me the only source of surprise was that it did not come earlier. My impression was that Mr. Kruger did not want war, but he wanted to be the dominant Power in South Africa. It is not necessary to assume that his motives were otherwise than patriotic. Personally, I am inclined to credit him with motives quite as pure and disinterested as those which inspire Mr. Rhodes in his pursuit of an opposite ideal. Those who so confidently assured the British public after the Bloemfontein Conference that Mr. Kruger would "climb down," had never quite realised the old man's extraordinary tenacity of purpose. Dutch domination throughout South Africa was the political ideal he had set before himself, and I felt sure, after hearing his quiet, determined talk, that he would never "climb down" when once it was seriously threatened. It is somewhat unreasonable to suppose that Mr. Kruger deliberately misled his burghers as to the issue of the present war. He earnestly believed himself in the ultimate triumph of the Dutch, and I question very much whether he has even now abandoned all hope. And yet Mr. Kruger was not ignorant of Great Britain's resources. He knew them, probably, quite as well as the average Londoner does, and as for European politics, I am perfectly certain that on this subject he could have given valuable lessons to many educated Englishmen. If he erred it was not from ignorance of the facts, but rather because of the erroneous inferences he drew therefrom. "Oh, yes," he said, "I know that Great Britain has a powerful Army and a powerful Navy. But her Navy is no use to her in South Africa, and her Army has many possible enemies to watch in various parts of the world. It was only a handful of British troops that we defeated at Majuba, but the burghers could easily defeat any army that Great Britain could put in the field against them." It is obvious that Mr. Kruger reckoned all along upon foreign aid in one form or another.

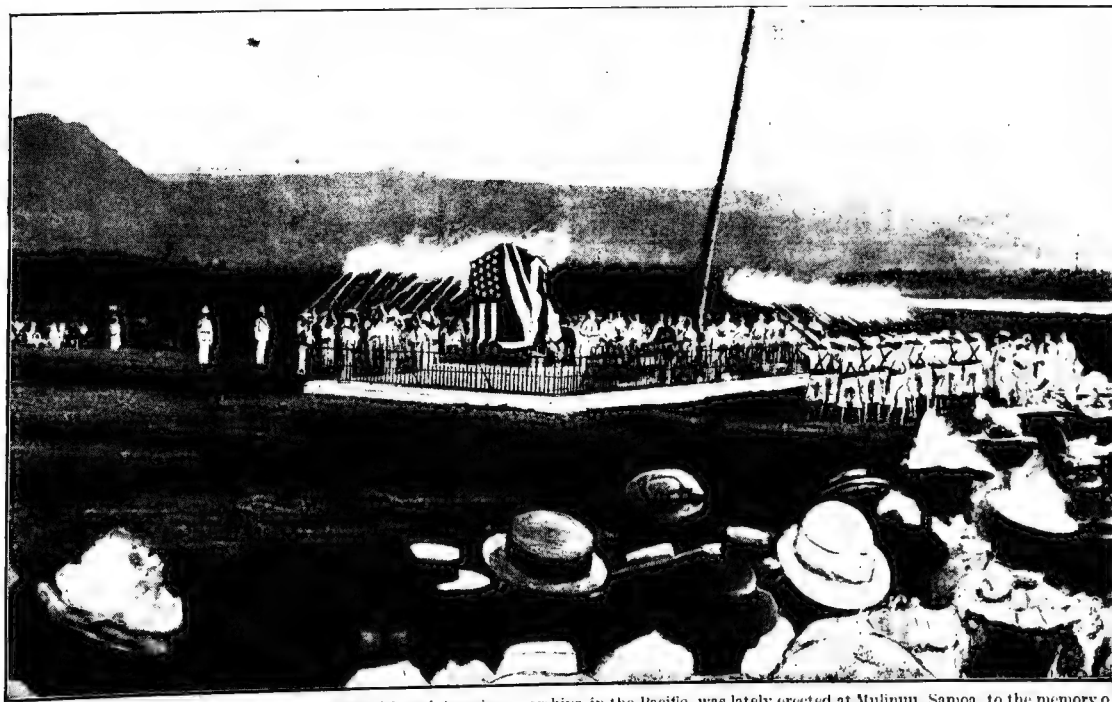
Something of this kind was vaguely hinted at in many of his private conversations with friends. Mr. Kruger knew pretty well the general drift of European politics, and he had, perhaps, better opportunities than we are willing to admit for becoming acquainted with the treacherous undercurrents of diplomacy. He was well aware of the intense jealousy felt on the Continent towards England. He did not err in calculating upon the "sympathy" and the "moral support" of England's rivals, but he was woefully deceived in supposing that sympathy would ever induce them to intervene on behalf of the Boers.

The Dowager-Empress of China's Place of Refuge

TAI-YUEN-FU, where the Dowager-Empress of China is stated to have taken up her abode, and whence she has issued the Edict appointing the Chinese Peace Envoys, is a large, prosperous, and fortified city of the Yellow Empire. Beautifully situated in the garden-like valley of the Fuen Ho—a tributary of the Hoang Ho—the two hundred and eighty miles of country that lie between it and Peking make it a perfectly safe haven of refuge for the Empress. It is also the residence of Yu-Hsien, the infamous anti-foreign fanatic, and Governor of the Province of Shan-si. While Tai-Yuen-fu is not so large as some of the other cities of the Province, it is nevertheless a place of considerable trade. Formerly it was renowned throughout the East—like Toledo throughout the West—for the manufacture of cutlery and martial weapons. This trade has declined in recent years, but heavy ordnance and small arms are still made in the canon foundries and rifle factories of the Government Arsenal. The outskirts of the city are very fertile and are cultivated with great care, some of the fields being veritable gardens. A large quantity of vines are grown in the neighbourhood, and produce the finest grapes to be found anywhere in China. An excellent wine is made from them, recalling the memory of the earliest Christian missionaries who first taught the people how to make it.

The city is surrounded by a strong and high wall, some eight or nine miles in circumference. A second wall divides the Tartar from the Chinese city. The Imperial residence is in the former city, and its arrangements are similar to those existing in the Carnation Forbidden City of Peking. The parks possess lakes, pagodas, temples, bridges, and a mountain of coal like those of the latter city. Here the Empress has taken up her residence, and hence she issues her Edicts in the name of the Emperor.

Tai-Yuen-fu is a place of considerable antiquity, and is celebrated as the scene of the most famous siege of Chinese history. The city was a formidable fortress then, and surrounded by thick and high walls, outside of which was a wide moat. In A.D. 757 the garrison of the city, under the command of Likwangpi, consisted only of a small body of troops. Ganlochan, seizing his opportunity, despatched against it an army of 100,000 men under the command of Sseseming, his ablest general. Likwangpi, fearing his small garrison would be unable to hold so large an extent of wall, built an inner wall to which they might retire in case of need. He constructed also formidable ballistæ, from which he kept discharging against the camp of the besiegers stone balls of twelve pounds weight. Sseseming vigorously attacked the place for a whole month without being able to gain any advantage. At the end of that time Likwangpi assumed the offensive. He issued forth from the city at the head of his brave soldiers, fought a desperate battle with the besiegers, captured their positions, and put them utterly to the rout. Sixty thousand soldiers are said to have been left dead upon the field. In A.D. 969 the city was again besieged ineffectually, but not long afterwards it fell into the hands of Taisong. The conquest of the Province followed the loss of the city and the Imperial power was then brought face to face with the Tartar Kingdom of Leaoutung, which on so many occasions in the preceding centuries had interfered in the affairs of the Empire. Tai-Yuen-fu is said to contain at the present day about a quarter of a million inhabitants.



A memorial stone, subscribed for by the British and American warships in the Pacific, was lately erected at Mulinu, Samoa, to the memory of officers and men killed during the recent troubles in the island. It was unveiled by the Governor, and the function was the occasion of an interesting ceremony. Sailors were landed from the British and American ships and marched to the site of the grave. There the burial service was read by the Rev. W. Hackett, and at the conclusion the firing parties from H.M.S. *Porpoise* and the United States ship *Albatross* fired three volleys over the grave. The monument was then unveiled. Our photograph is by J. Davis, Samoa.

MEMORIAL TO SAILORS KILLED IN SAMOA: FIRING THE SALUTE



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEO WEINTHAL

SUPPLIED BY PHOTOGETTER, LONDON

MR. PAUL KRUGER, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE TRANSVAAL
THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF "OOM PAUL"

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

After the battle of Almond's Nek, as the wounded were peacefully resting in one of the field hospitals, the fire alarm sounded. The hospital, which comprised about twenty tents, had been pitched, as is usual, on the veldt, and the grass, which was long and dry, caught fire outside the hospital. Fanned by a strong breeze, the flames quickly spread, and all the tents, except one, were burnt down. The hospital staff were very prompt, and all the wounded were moved to a place of safety under a heavy rifle fire, and this

not from the enemy but from the wounded men's ammunition. It is customary for the wounded to bring their rifles and kits to hospital with them, and when the flames reached the ammunition, it blew up and greatly increased the danger of the work of the staff. After the fire nothing remained but a few tent pegs and the brass work of the rifles, the stocks being entirely consumed along with all the personal effects of the hospital staff.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIEUTENANT E. BLAKE KNOX, R.A.M.C.

A NARROW ESCAPE FOR THE WOUNDED: A FIELD HOSPITAL ON FIRE



PRINCESS ADOLF OF SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE
Chief of the 5th Westphalian Infantry Regiment

Royal Lady Colonels

THERE is much to be said for the German plan of including ladies among the honorary chiefs of regiments. It is begotten of the true spirit of chivalry. It was an American admiral who said that it was the girl behind the man behind the gun that won the battles; and when ladies of high rank, the daughters or wives of soldiers, are at the heads of regiments, and take a deep interest in the welfare of every officer and man in it, the sisters, wives and sweethearts of the men take an extra interest in the glories of the regiment. Thus *esprit de corps* is encouraged and fostered. Our own Queen is honorary chief of the 1st Dragoons of the Prussian Guard, and in her family can be found several examples of Royal Princesses who are honorary colonels. The Duchess of Connaught is honorary colonel of the 64th (5th Brandenburg) German Infantry Regiment, which bears the name of her father, the late Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, the famous "Red Prince" of the Franco-German War. The German Empress, who is not only the wife of a grandson of the Queen, but is also herself a relative of Her Majesty's, is honorary chief of a Prussian Cuirassier Regiment.

A cousin of the Duchess of Connaught, Princess Charlotte, daughter of Emperor Frederick, and eldest sister of the Emperor William, who is now known as the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, was brought up with the Duchess of Connaught at Potsdam, where she took the greatest delight in the military parades. The Princess is honorary chief of the Crown Prince Frederick William (Prussian) Grenadier Regiment, which was named after her father. He succeeded to the German throne. Both the Princess and her husband, the Crown Prince of Saxony, are married soldiers, for the Hereditary Prince of Saxony is commander of the 2nd Infantry Division of Guards, and his wife is often present at the drills of her regiment. The Princess of Connaught, though she has not often appeared in military uniform, takes the greatest interest in the welfare of our army, and is, like her gallant husband, thoroughly esteemed by the British Army. Another sister of the Emperor is Victoria of Prussia, who married Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe, is honorary chief of the 5th Westphalian Infantry Regiment. Her husband, too, is a soldier, being connected with two King William I. Hussars and a Westphalian regiment.

The daughter of the Queen, Princess Marie of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, is honorary chief of the 4th Roumanian Infantry Regiment. The Crown Prince of Roumania, is another Royal lady colonel. She is honorary colonel of the 4th Roumanian Infantry Regiment, having copied the German Emperor's example in appointing ladies to the heads of his regiments.

To note that all these Princesses holding military appointments in this country, however, we have only got so far as naming the Princesses. In the cavalry there are seven regiments of Her Majesty, six being called "Queen's," and one "Princess's." Three infantry regiments bear the proud name of "Queen's Own." Three cavalry regiments and four infantry regiments are called after Princesses of the Royal family. In Prussia in so much of our Army organisation in the quite possible that some day we may imitate her again by appointing Royal Princesses to be colonels-in-chief to regiments of our army.

Examples might be found of Royal Princesses who are honorary chiefs of regiments. For instance, the Empress Frederick is honorary chief of the 1st Hussar Regiment of the Guard and of the Gersdorff Hussar Regiment (No. 80); Queen Margaret of Italy is chief of the 1st Cavalry Regiment, and the Grand Duchess Victoria of Baden is honorary chief of the 3rd Hessian Infantry Regiment (No. 117). The German Empress is by Otto Wolff and Zabel, and that of the Crown Princess of Roumania by Franz Mandl, and that of Princess Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe by L. and Son, Bonn.

From the Bookshelf

JUDGE O'CONNOR MORRIS, in his "Campaign of 1815" (Richards), goes over familiar ground, but for all that he adduces new arguments and fresh facts to warrant the production of a new work on the subject. His object in this work is, he tells us, to combine a succinct but complete narrative of the campaign with a careful running commentary on its military operations. "Succinct" is hardly the word to apply to a volume of 420 closely printed pages, but otherwise the writer's object is successfully fulfilled. The narrative is as complete as it well can be, and the author undoubtedly possesses great knowledge of strategy, and we have no hesitation in saying that the volume is a valuable and reliable addition to military history. Mr. Morris says that until quite lately it has been impossible to examine the series of events which ended at Waterloo with strict impartiality. French writers have exaggerated the Napoleonic legend of 1815, and a large majority of English authors have followed the Wellingtonian legend too closely. The latter fault cannot, at any rate, be laid to the charge of the present writer. He deals at great length with the battles of Ligny, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo. The conclusion at which he arrives, after allowing for the mistakes of the French generals, not of Napoleon himself, is that, "in spite of this series of mistakes, the attacks (of the French) at Waterloo would have proved successful before the Prussians made their presence felt had not Wellington been at the head of the Allied Army, and but for the heroic conduct of his British and German Legionary troops. Unquestionably, as we have endeavoured to prove," he writes, "Wellington ought not to have offered battle at all; unquestionably he made a grave strategic mistake in leaving a large part of his army at Hal and Tuzize; unquestionably he did not fully perceive the importance of La Haye Sainte, and did not occupy the position in sufficient strength. . . . But when this has been said, his conduct on the field of Waterloo is a grand specimen of skill, energy, resource, and firmness of purpose." But for all that the author considers that as a strategist Napoleon was immeasurably superior to Wellington. Speaking of the latter, he writes:—"This great man, greater still as a man, was not a strategist of the first order; in the great combinations of war he is not to be named with Napoleon. He was to give conspicuous proof of this in the campaign of 1815. Even in his admirable and triumphant career in Spain he did not shine in the sphere of strategy."

Later he writes: "The splendour of the triumph achieved at Waterloo cannot hide from the sight of the true student of war the strategic errors which, so to speak, were its prelude. The superiority of Napoleon in the great combinations of his art, and the complete inferiority of his opponents, are, indeed, the salient features of the campaign of 1815."

In her "Pictures of the Old French Court" (Unwin), Mrs. Catherine Bearn continues her stories of the lives of the Queens of France. In a previous French Court volume she wrote of the "Lives and Times of the Early Valois Queens," covering the last half of the fourteenth century. In the present volume she treats of the years between the end of the fourteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries; the Queens whose histories she gives being Jeanne de



THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA
In the uniform of Roumanian Hussars

Bourbon, Isabelle de Bavière, and Anne de Bretagne, the wives respectively of Charles V., Charles VI., and Louis XIII. Mrs. Bearn has been indefatigable in her search for details of life at the French Court during this period, and has consulted the most reliable authorities, with the result that she has been able to place before the public a really interesting and faithful account of these picturesque times. The description of the Court during the lives of



THE GERMAN EMPRESS
In the uniform of the Cuirassier Regiment

the dissipated Charles VI. and his equally reckless consort is particularly well written. In our opinion the present work is greatly superior to the author's former one, and the writing much less involved, although there is still room for improvement in this respect.

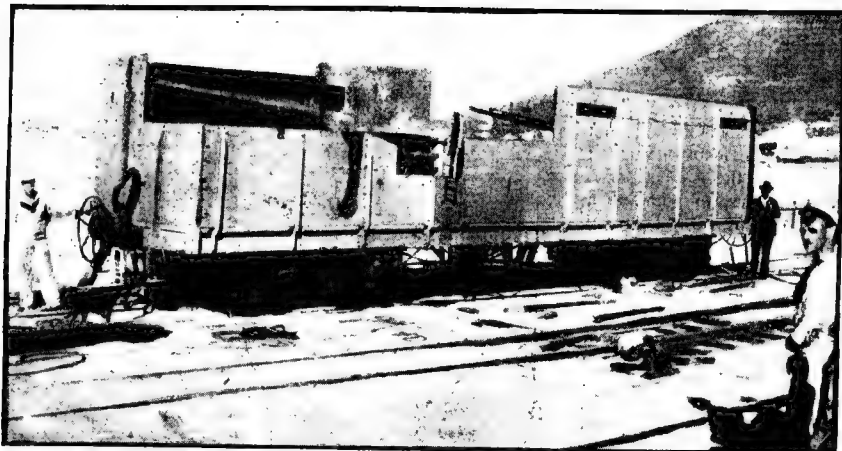
England and America

A work that will prove of considerable value and interest to students of the political history of this country and of the United States is "England and America after Independence: A Short Examination of their International Intercourse, 1783-1872." By Edward Smith (Constable). The matters dealt with in the earlier pages of the book—that is, with the first years of American Independence—are naturally of an exceedingly intricate nature. The countries mistrusted each other, and the Americans were unlucky in their choice of representatives sent over to this country. The author gives a very detailed, yet concise, account of the feelings of the two nations during these years. It would take more space than we have at our command to enter into the question of the rights or wrongs of the many treaties that have been agreed to between the two nations, suffice it to say that Mr. Smith has taken immense pains, and has consulted innumerable authorities to get at the true history of the negotiations that were carried on during the years embraced by his volume, and that his statements regarding the tempers of the public minds in both countries are remarkably clear and free from bias.

"Fulham, Old and New"

A really admirable work, and one that we hope to see followed by others of the same kind dealing with different suburban parishes, is "Fulham, Old and New," by Charles James Férét. A more comprehensive book it is difficult to imagine. Bound in three handsome volumes, and containing nearly five hundred illustrations, maps, plans, etc., there is not a point of interest, not a single person of any note connected with the neighbourhood, that is not fully described. The amount of work that these volumes have entailed has been enormous. "The author has often had to say with Boswell, 'I have sometimes been obliged to run half over London in order to fix a day correctly; which, when I had accomplished, I well knew would obtain me no praise, though a failure would have been to my discredit.'" The name of Fulham, evolved from Fulanham, signifies, according to Mr. Férét, "foul town," foul, meaning miry or "muddy," the Fulham roads being, a few generations ago, frequently impassable on account of the mud churned up by the market carts, or deposited by the inundations of the river on the low-lying land. Fulham contains many interesting historic buildings, none more so, of course, than the Palace, which is most exhaustively dealt with. The parish is not particularly rich in notabilities—that is, if we except the bishops, of which a full list is given. Amongst those spoken of by the author we may mention Bodley, Theodore Hook, Bartolozzi, Samuel Foote, and Samuel Richardson. The book is published by the Leadenhall Press.

One mountaineering book is very like another, particularly to those who have not experienced the exhilaration and excitement of climbing, and of such books we have had many of late. However, there is an unusual charm about Mr. George Yeld's "Scrambles in the Eastern Gracans" (Unwin). These mountains, the author says, have always had a peculiar fascination for him, and this book is the outcome of many summer visits. This fascination may be partly accounted for by the fact that this district, or, rather, part of it (for he refers to the Cogne Group of mountains), "is still unswept by the wave of tourists which annually floods so many districts of the Alps, and the lover of the mountains may enjoy their glories and the treasures of an unequalled flora all unexposed." Mr. Yeld is an experienced mountaineer, and is the editor of the *Alpine Journal*, and can both climb and write, and his volume is, in consequence, one of the most pleasing and most readable of the many books on mountaineering.



This train was made at Simonstown, and was despatched to the front on August 18. It carries two 12-pounders, and is painted khaki colour. Our illustrations are from photographs by L. Jenks, Simonstown

TWO VIEWS OF THE LAST ARMoured TRAIN SENT TO THE FRONT

The War in South Africa

The End in View

PERHAPS the best sign that the Boer War is now at last approaching the end of what can no longer be called a war in the ordinary sense is the fact—not that four of Lord Roberts's chargers have been sent down to Cape Town, but that he himself has returned from the east to Pretoria, leaving the rounding up of his work to subordinates like Buller, French and Ian Hamilton. But before returning to Pretoria the Commander-in-Chief had shifted his quarters back to Belfast, thus showing that his own master hand and eye were no longer needed to direct the movements that should finally dispose of Botha and his Boers. His return to Pretoria indicates his conviction that the end of regular military operations is now not far off, and that the reorganisation of the Vaal River Colony, which has taken the place of the Transvaal Republic, is the task which primarily demands his attention. The complete subjugation of the Boers is now more a question of police than of military measures, and Lord Roberts never made a sounder exercise of his judgment than when, in conjunction with Sir Alfred Milner, he appointed Baden-Powell to the chiefship of the Transvaal Police, which is about to be formed for the purpose of completing the work which has hitherto been carried on by our armies.

The occupation of Lydenburg may be said to have been the real beginning of the end, and this mountain fastness, this last refuge of the Boers, which they had boasted they could hold for at least two years, ultimately fell into our hands without much loss, and all because our Generals, now rich in war experience, acted on the American military attaché's maxim of "trying to find a way round." While Buller was holding Botha in front, and doing wonders of Alpine climbing with some of his battalions—notably the Leicesters and the 1st King's Rifles, who had thus an opportunity of wiping out their record of ill-luck in the earlier part of the campaign—Ian Hamilton with his mounted people moved along the Dullstroom Road, and completely turned the Boer right flank to the "terrible chagrin" of General Botha, who had thus no alternative but to fall back and evacuate Lydenburg. But he would appear to have been able to take away with him all his artillery, light and heavy, as well as his huge accumulation of stores, thus giving us all additional reason to marvel at the masterly way in which the Boers have ever managed to save their guns—all but those which they had captured from us, some of which we have been able to recover. It was reported that Botha had sent most of his guns, stores and ammunition north-east to Kruger's Post, and that he himself with about 2,000 men had retired on Pilgrim's Rest, while the rest of his force had retreated eastward to the Spitzkop.

To bar the road to this Spitzkop, the Boers had posted themselves on a precipitous ridge 1,500 feet high and shaped like a horse-shoe, which Buller found it impossible to turn, *sed quod ignis non sanat ferrum sanat*. Three of his best battalions, all heroes of Ladysmith—the Devons, the Royal Irish and the Royal Scots—made a frontal attack on the ridge, starting on a front of six miles and gradually approaching each other as they came to the top of the hill, which they ultimately carried with a loss of thirteen killed and twenty-five wounded. "Three of the former and sixteen of the latter," reported Buller, "belonged to the Volunteer Company Gordon Highlanders," which mainly consists of members of the

London Scottish. "The company was marching in column at an estimated distance of seven miles from the enemy's position when a shrapnel shell burst over it. Notwithstanding this heavy loss, the company, which has distinguished itself on several occasions, continued to march forward as steadily as if nothing had happened." The worst of it was that on reaching the top of the ridge a thick Scotch mist deprived Buller's gallant troops of the advantage which they had worked so hard to gain. Next day, the 9th inst., Buller moved on, and occupied the Mauchsborg, though the road, said Buller, "is too bad for description." The Boers suffered severely. "Our troops buried twenty of their dead, one of whom was a member of the Irish Brigade, named O'Hara." Buller's seizure of the Mauchsborg on his way towards the Spitzkop was followed by the usual spectacle, the usual disappointment. "The King's Royal Rifles, supported by the Gordons, rushed three ridges, the last commanding a view of the whole country. From the last ridge they could see the long line of Boer waggons, the head of the convoy being only 8,000 yards distant. It succeeded in escaping, for, unfortunately, the terrible mountain roads retarded the arrival of our big guns. But at Kufgat, halfway between Mauchsborg and Spitzkop, Buller had the satisfaction of discovering that the flying Boers had thrown some of their heavy gun tackle and thirteen waggon-loads of ammunition down the mountain ridge.

Thus, at the time of writing, we have several more movements of advance on the retreating Boers—Buller's from Lydenburg to Pilgrim's Rest and Spitzkop; Hutton and Henry's southward from Waterval Onder; Pole-Carew's along the Delagoa Bay Railway, and French's towards Barberton, whither the unreleased British officers captured by the Boers were lately sent. On the other hand, in the Orange River Colony, General Hunter is planning another big movement against the Boers so as to render impossible in the future any relapses like the recent siege of Ladybrand, while two columns under Clements and Hart are moving through the Krugersdorp-Johannesburg district, where much botheration has been caused by the raiding bands of Commandant Theron—who is now known to have been killed. Methuen, too, had moved from Mafeking on Lichtenburg, and made the magnificent capture during his march of "three ox waggons," though he presently improved on this when, as the result of his movement on Commandant Vermasi's camp at Malopo, he took 30 prisoners, 22 waggons, and 40,000 rounds of ammunition. In all these districts it is our railway and lines of communication which the Boers aim at destroying. "These attacks are annoying," says Lord Roberts, "but in every case prompt punishment follows, and I think the Boers will soon discover that they are more injurious to them than to us." There are, indeed, signs that they have already made this discovery, and that it will not be long before they make up their minds to bow to the inevitable. Botha is said to have now recognised the utter hopelessness of the struggle; while even Kruger himself must have abandoned all hope of ever being able to shave off his moustache, to which he vowed he would not again apply a razor until his triumphant return to Pretoria. The ex-President was said to be at Pilgrim's Rest, where he could find no rest for the soles of his feet, and then to have fled to Nelspruit on the Delagoa Railway, a much more convenient point of departure for Komati Poort, the frontier station, whence he is stated to have taken the train on Tuesday, and is now safe from capture in Portuguese territory, and within easy reach of a German steamer that could bring him to Holland.

WAR PORTRAITS

GENERAL BULLER a few days ago reported that the five officers concerned in the defence of Ladybrand had behaved with great gallantry. Major White, Royal Marine Light Infantry, was in command at Ladybrand, and the garrison consisted of one Company Worcester Regiment, with Lieutenant Moss and 2nd Lieutenant Dorman, and forty-three rank and file Wiltshire Yeomanry, 1st Lieutenants Awdry and Henderson. Major Frederick White, R.M.L.I., was born October 14, 1861, joined "The Corps" in 1879, became captain in 1888, and major in 1896. He was adjutant from 1880 to 1891, and before going on active service in South Africa was an officer, Royal Marines. He was at the bombardment of Alexandria, and its occupation, and present at the seizure of Port Said in 1882. In 1884 he was at the battles of El Teb and Tamai, and the relief of Tokar. He has the Egyptian medal with two clasps, the Khedive's Star, and the 5th Class of the Medjidie. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

Major Hilliard, R.A.M.C., who is mentioned in the casualty lists as having died at Newcastle from a gunshot wound received on September 7, is presumably Major George Hilliard, M.B., C.M.G. He was born in 1862, and obtained his commission in the Army Medical Service in 1887. He went through the Ashanti Campaign in 1895-6, in which he attended on the late Prince Henry of Battenberg. Our portrait is by Bull, Regent Street.

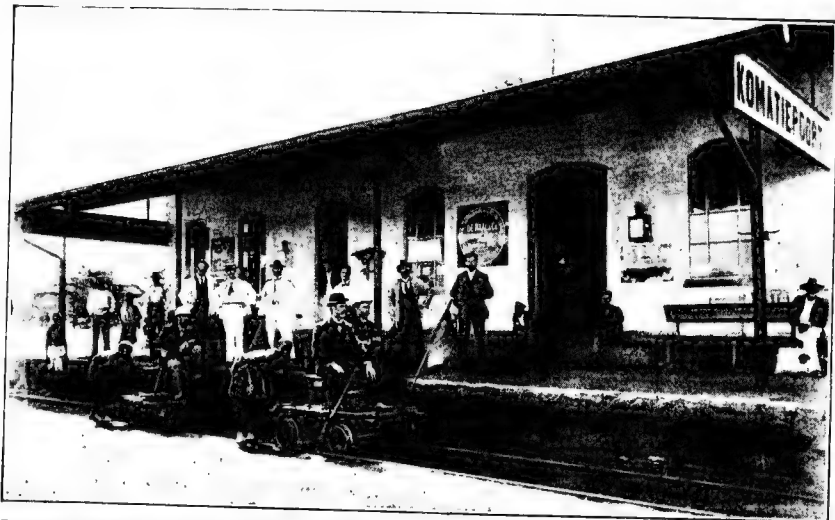
Lieutenant Douglas Morison Oliver, the "very promising officer" whom Lord Roberts has reported to have been killed in an encounter with one of the enemy's despatch riders at Nylstroom, had seen five years' service. He joined his regiment in 1895, and obtained his lieutenantcy in 1897.

Lieutenant A. Warren, who died in hospital at Queenstown of wounds received at Labuschagne's Nek, distinguished himself greatly in that action. A force consisting of seventeen Cape Police, under Lieutenant Warren, five Cape Mounted Rifles, and a troop of Brabant's Horse and some of Montmorency's Scouts, was attacked by some 800 Boers and held a donga against them for some hours, until rescued next day. Lieutenant A. Warren, who was only twenty-eight years of age, was the son of Mr. T. H. Warren.

Captain Stanley Clarke, of the Wiltshire Yeomanry, was killed during a reconnaissance made by General Rundle's force on the Brandwater Basin. Our portrait is by J. Russell and Sons, Elder Street.

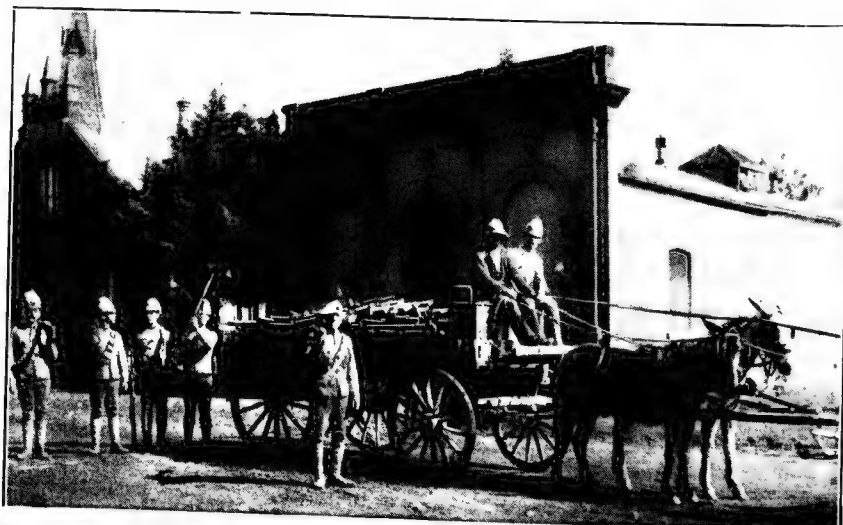
Mr. Wilford A. Duncombe, of Compton's Horse, has been given a commission in the 3rd Dragoon Guards by Lord Roberts. Mr. Duncombe is a nephew of the Earl of Gosford. Our portrait is by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

Mr. G. H. Cuming Butler, who has just been promoted to hon. lieutenant and quartermaster, enlisted in the Duke of Cambridge's Own Special Corps of Yeomanry six months ago, and was soon made a non-commissioned officer. Our portrait is by Debenham, Cowes.



Leaving the coast at Lourenço Marques the railway crosses into the Transvaal at Komati Poort, 56 miles off, from which it runs on to Pretoria. Our photograph is by W. L. Atwell

KOMATI POORT, THE BOER-PORTUGUESE FRONTIER STATION



This wagon-load of surrendered Mauser rifles which has been brought into Pretoria shows that the Boers must be giving up the hopeless struggle. Our photograph was supplied by Pantogetter

AN EVIDENCE OF BOER SURRENDER

President Loubet

...somewhat curious fact
...the foundation of the
...has been really no
...nt—that is to say,
...ited the enthu-
...crowd. Thiers
...curule chair too
...civil war, resulting
...amation of the
...ris, to obtain the
...on of his fellow-
...shal McMahon,
...disliked, did not
...ad; Grevy, by
...commonplace
...he "ran" the
...led with perfect
...the people in
...Carnot, though



MR. G. H. CUMING BUTLER
Of the Duke of Cambridge's Own Yeomanry
Corps, who has been given a commission



MAJOR F. WHITE
The defender of Ladybrand



MR. W. A. DUNCOMBE
Of Compton's Horse, who has been given a
commission

self-abnegation and the fashion in
which he sacrifices his personal
tastes to the duties of his high
office are beginning to be generally
recognised. Personally he is a man
of the most complete simplicity
in all his ways, yet the hospitality
of the Elysée, if dispensed with
less display and *clat* than in the
time when M. Félix Faure aped
Royalty, is in every way worthy
of the Head of a great country.

The Exhibition year has been
a most exacting one as far as
M. Loubet is concerned. He has
not an idle minute in the day.
From the time he gets up in
the morning till he goes to bed at
night he has not a moment to call
his own. The conscientious way
in which he visited every section
of the Exhibition, and his evident
desire to show courtesy to every
nation represented, won him
golden opinions from all sides.



THE LATE LIEUTENANT A. WARREN
Died of wounds



THE LATE MAJOR HILLIARD
Died of wounds



THE LATE LIEUTENANT D. M. OLIVER
Died of wounds



THE LATE CAPTAIN STANLEY CLARKE
Killed at Brandwater Basin

...pected, was too cold in his manner to arouse popular
...tension

Perhaps the President who came nearest to becoming a popular
...was M. Félix Faure when the Russian frenzy was at its height,
...and when he walked in the reflected glory of the Tsar of All the
...Russias. This was, however, short-lived; the Tsar went and
...Dreyfus case came, and with it disappeared the fleeting popu-
...larity of the Chief of the State.

But if it is difficult for a President of the French Republic to be
...lar, it is easy for him to be unpopular, as M. Loubet learnt the
...very first day he took office, when a howling mob chased his carriage
...out of St. Lazare Station to the Quai d'Orsay. That was less

...two years ago, and it says
...for the sterling character of
...President that the quiet, digni-
...and scrupulously conscientious
...in which he has carried out his
...as easily silenced the more
...of his enemies, and that
...all his public appearances, he
...calculated. In fact, if he
...at the rate he has done,
...of office has expired he
...most popular President

...to dawn on the people
...bet is not the *quantité*
...at first supposed to be.
...the first that he has, at
...purpose. His enemies
...drive him from power
...with abuse, in the hope
...disgust him with an
...ed him to daily insult.
...ther said when told of
...t know Emile if they
...ceeded in that kind of

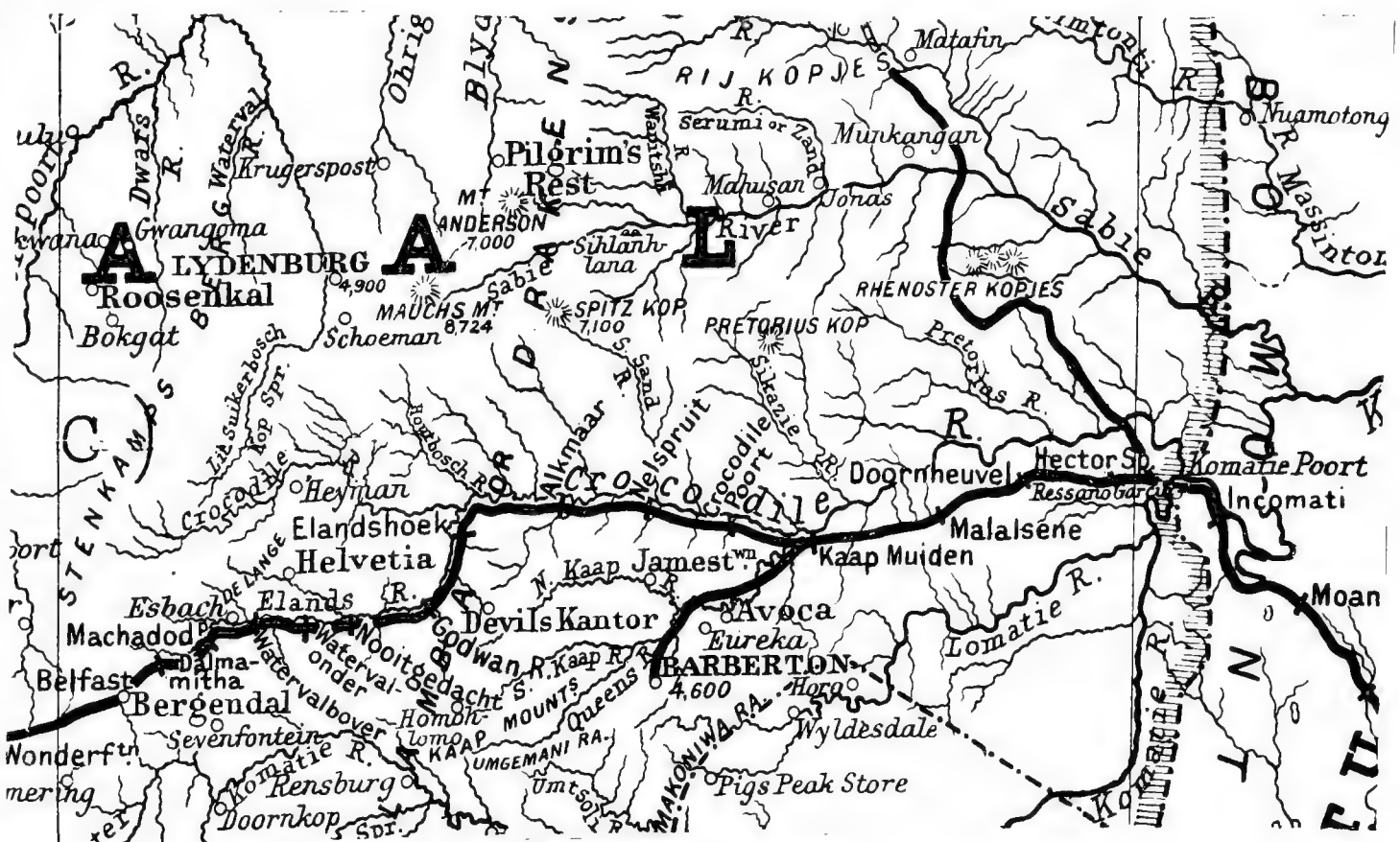
...most cunning of poli-
...rles Dupuy, seemed to
...game of the Opposition
...wing him to be insulted
...mob at the paddock
...se, and the next week
...with ridicule by bringing
...and soldiers in order
...attend the Grand Prix,
...nothing, but ten
...Dupuy Ministry was,
...say, quietly "disem-

Then the fashion in which he has loyally stood by his Ministers
has further inspired respect. He has not even feared to let the
Nationalist Municipality of Paris know that when it insults his
advisers it breaks up relations with the Elysée. But what has done
most to reconcile the people with the President has been his recent
visits to Cherbourg on the occasion of the review of the fleet, and
to Marseilles to bid farewell to the troops leaving for China. His
tactful and patriotic language on both occasions for ever killed the
calumny so persistently circulated by his enemies to the effect that
he was inimical to the Army and desired to see it humiliated.

In fact M. Loubet is slowly but surely wearing down the opposi-
tion which he met with on first coming to power. His absolute

The well-earned repose he is enjoying at Rambouillet allows him
to satisfy one of his chief passions, that of shooting. For in this
respect he has the taste of the French provincial, and though I
doubt not that he would prefer to be wandering with his dog and
gun over his old mother's farm at Montelimart, yet the open-air life
at the country seat of the Presidency must please him more than the
etiquette of the Elysée.

His recent decoration with the Order of St. Andrew by the Tsar
has thrown the halo of the personal friendship of the Northern
Autocrat round him, and has still further disarmed his enemies. It
is difficult to make Frenchmen now believe that a man whom the
Tsar terms "Très grand et très cher ami" can have committed the
crimes the *Libre Parole* and the rest of the gutter Press of Paris
attributed to him.



(Scale: About twenty miles to the inch.)

General Buller has been advancing from Lydenburg to Pilgrim's Rest and Spitzkop,
having on Sunday occupied the Mauchsberg—a mountain nearly 4,000ft. higher than
Lydenburg. Generals Hutton and Henry have been proceeding southwards from Waterval
Onder, General Pole-Carew along the Delagoa Bay Railway, and General French towards

Barberton, whither the unreleased British prisoners captured by the Boers were recently
sent. Mr. Kruger is said to have stayed for some time at Pilgrim's Rest, and subsequently
at Nelspruit Station, whence he is stated to have taken train to Lourenço Marques, where he
arrived on Tuesday

The Gystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

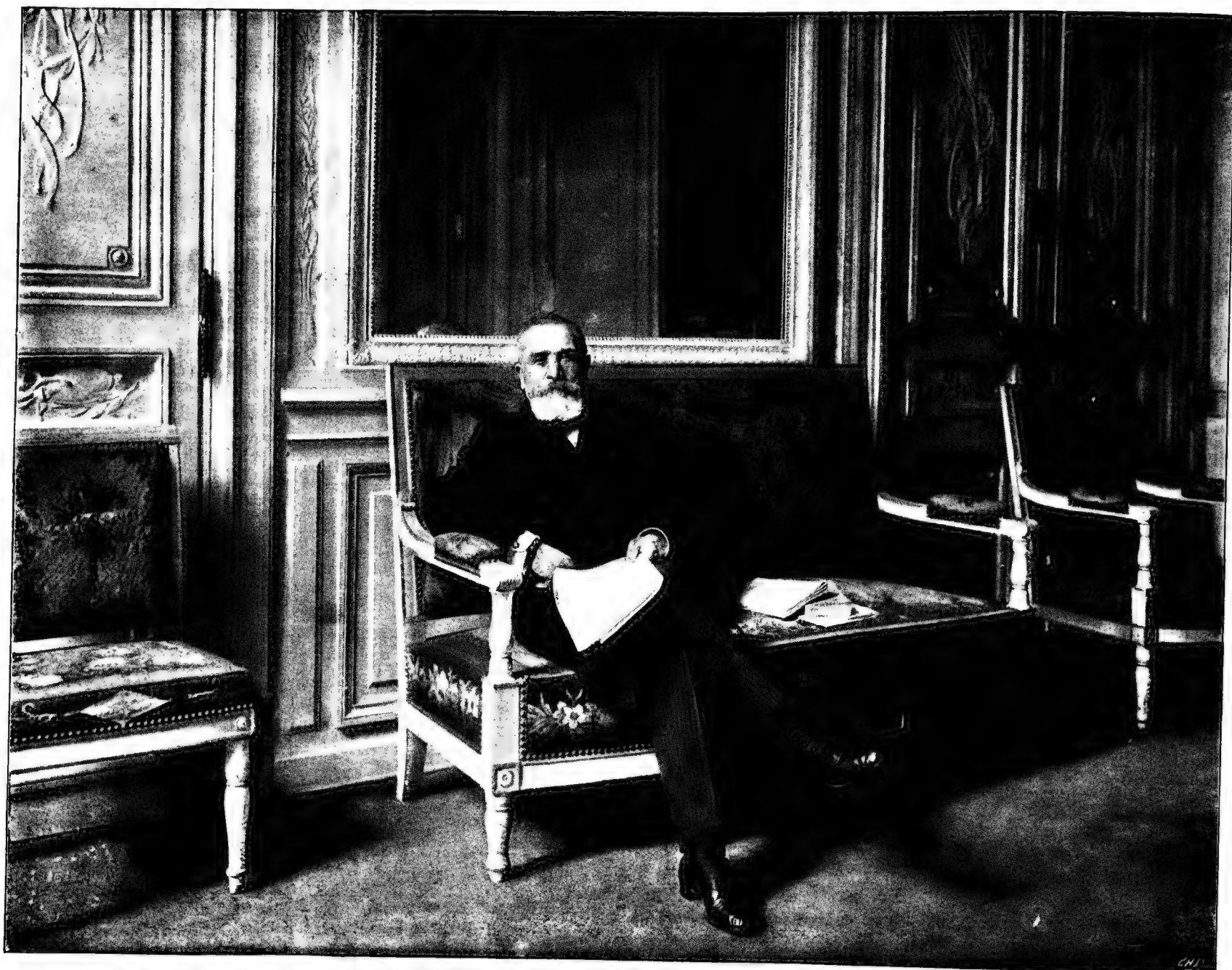
By J. ASHBY-STERRY

It is satisfactory to find my views with regard to what is called rational dress are borne out by so high an authority as Miss Una, of the *Gentlewoman*. She attributes its failure to the "rationalists" themselves, "the majority of whom forget that to be popular a costume must be comely." She is of the opinion that rational dress is less likely than ever to be worn by Englishwomen, and adds, "the frightful examples seen on some of the country roads round London are object-lessons in favour of petticoats." "Object-lessons" is excellent, for surely never have been seen such pitiable objects as those arrayed in weird and unbecoming garments, who have startled us from time to time as they have whirled by us when taking our walks abroad. And shoud you happen to see a rationalist, whose bike has come to grief, dismounted and leading her disabled steel steed home, you will find she looks as awkward as the proverbial swan on the turnpike road, and a great deal more so.

still remaining. It is to be hoped this matter will have the immediate attention of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.

It is to be hoped that the attention of the managers of all canal corporations will be directed to Dr. Benjamin Brown's boat, of which a notice recently appeared in the *Daily Express*. A very serious item in the expenditure of canal companies has been the wear and tear of the banks. The boats are unable to avail themselves of a high speed, because the wash produced causes expensive damage to the banks. We learn that the new craft, which are built at Chicago, are especially adapted for canal work, because they draw the water from the sides and do not wash the bank. They are said to be of very shallow draught; the faster they go the lighter they are in the water. It is said that an 80 feet boat would only draw 18 inches. If these boats possess all the virtues with which they are credited they will certainly be invaluable for canals, and the cheapest form of carriage will be even more popular than it was thirty years ago. Of late years not a few canals have been abandoned or insufficiently worked for the very reasons already stated. If these boats are able to achieve only half the speed that their inventor hopes to attain, and if that speed should not deteriorate the banks in any way, and if steps should be taken to connect the

an absence, and dazzle us by the revived lustre of their brilliant. The most conspicuous of these this year was Mr. F. S. Jackson, who gave to his country what hitherto had been to his county, and then, returning home inviolated from fontein, signalled his convalescence by making a century first innings he played, and the highest score for his side (the men at Scarborough) in the second. Another returning comet was Lionel Palairet, of Somersetshire, who, after permitting his fallow for a year, returned to exhibit the most stylish England at the head of his county's averages. There is something to be said for the practice of leaving off cricket a year, provided the cricketer is not nearing the age when such years are jealously numbered. Ranjitsinhji himself so in 1898, and has consistently broken records since; Ranjitsinhji himself denies that there is any such thing as staleness. The more interesting comets of the season, however, those whose first brightness is identified with it. Perhaps these Mr. Dillon, who won the match for Rugby against Marlborough by scoring a century that merited the ill-used epithet sens-stands first. He followed up this by scoring ninety in a match for his county, and at the end of Kent's cricket season third among her batsmen with an average of 36. Kent has of young players. It is only four years ago that Mr. Massingham captaining Winchester, and Mr. S. H. Day (a comet of last



THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC: M. EMILE LOUBET AT HOME

From a Photograph by Dormae

No doubt strenuous efforts were made in some quarters to introduce the hideous knickerbockerial garb, but the refined English lady absolutely declined to abjure the feminine charm and delicate grace of the petticoat, so there is now no chance whatever of any other costume becoming popular.

In the days of my youth "the backwaters of the great city"—places where one could moon and meditate while one could listen to the swirl of the stream of London life and energy in the distance—were many. Now they are becoming fewer and fewer, and soon we shall have none left. What a delightful retreat was the Temple at one time! But the Demon Improvement had begun its work even during my residence within the Haunted Precinct, and it has advanced at an alarming rate since. It has effectually spoiled the picturesque repose of Clement's Inn, it will shortly obliterate New Inn, and it is now—so it is said—looking with longing eyes upon the old-world dignity of Staple Inn. It is sincerely to be trusted vigorous efforts will be made to prevent the Demon gobbling up this delightful old quarter. The quaint courtyard, surrounded by finely toned red-brick houses, the big plane-tree, the quaint garden, the massive ancient gateway, and the rare old-timbered houses facing Holborn, constitute one of the few genuine specimens of old London

different canal systems in England—which I have previously advocated—there is the prospect of an important future for the purveyors of inland water-carriage. This should be an important matter for that portion of the Thames and Severn Canal between Inglesham and Brimscombe, which has been recently in course of revival.

Comets of the Season

By comets of the cricket season we do not mean the cricketers whose names are as familiar on the last day of the season as on the first, and whose planetary light is always to be found at the zenith of the average tables—the Ranjitsinhjis, Haywards and Abel, the Rhodeses, Haighs and Trotts—nor do we even mean those constellations of cricketers who, like Yorkshire, have raised their county to the highest position in the cricket world by a combination of good batting, fine bowling, and unfailing fielding. Rather do we refer to those batsmen and bowlers who suddenly appear in the sky, and waxing brighter and brighter by successive performances, achieve, in the short months of the summer game, a reputation hardly less conspicuous than that of many a Cabinet Minister. There are some comets, of course, which reappear after

is between his age and that of the latest recruit. Mr. Dillon only schoolboy who has made a considerable reputation for himself, though Mr. W. P. Robertson, of Harrow, has played finely for a season. He made one century, finished with an average over 100, is a fine field and wicket-keeper. In Mr. G. W. Beldam Mr. was very fortunate in finding another player both good and true. He stands next to Mr. Robertson in the Middlesex average. Most surprising thing that Middlesex did, however, was to let Bosanquet, of Oxford, from a bowler into a batsman. A year ago Mr. Bosanquet was the Oxford fast bowler and the mainstay of the University attack; perhaps the best bowler in either Uni-This year a strain kept him from bowling well, so he turned to batting, and whereas hitherto he had been regarded merely as a batter for whom it was well to have the field far out, he surprised everybody by adding his name to that band—of increasing numbers and steadily decreasing distinction—of cricketers who have made a hundred in each innings of a match. Only one other cricketer of the year who can possibly be called a comet, and that is Mr. R. E. Foster, of the county which we call Foster-shire, who made the highest score ever put together in the Oxford and Cambridge match, and who, from being a performer, has now raised himself to the rank of the first batsmen in the country.



Seated in a straight-backed chair, Montalvo saw a black-draped form. There was something forbidding, something almost unnatural, in the aspect of this form perched thus upon a chair but silence. It reminded him—for he had a touch of inconvenient imagination—of an evil bird squatted upon the bough of a dead tree awaiting the dawn that it might go forth to devour pointed prey. "Is that you, Mother Meg?" he asked.

LYSBETH

A TALE OF THE DUTCH

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by JACOMB-HOOD

CHAPTER IV.

THREE WAKINGS

HERE were three persons in Leyden whose reflections when they awoke on the morning after the sledge race are not without interest, at any rate to the student of their history. First, there was Dirk van Goorl, whose work made an early riser of him, to say nothing of a splitting headache which on this morning called him into consciousness just as the clock in the bell-tower was chiming half-past four. Now there are few things more

a conviction took hold of him that his depression was not due entirely to the headache or to the cold.

One by one he recalled the events of the yesterday. First, he had been late for his appointment with Lysbeth, which evidently had vexed her. Then the Captain Montalvo had swooped down and carried her away, as a hawk bears off a chicken under the very eyes of the hen-wife, while he—donkey that he was—had been unable to find words in which to protest. Next, thinking it his duty to back the sledge wherein Lysbeth rode, although it was driven by a Spaniard, he had lost ten florins on that event which, being a thrifty young man, did not at all please him. The rest of the fête he had spent hunting for Lysbeth, who mysteriously vanished with the Spaniard, an unentertaining and even an anxious pastime. Then came the supper, when once more the Count swooped down on Lysbeth, leaving him to take in his cousin Clara, whom he considered an old fool and disliked, and who, having spoilt his new jacket by spilling wine over it, ended by abusing his taste in dress. Nor was that all—he had drunk a great deal more strong wine than was wise, for to this his head certified. Lastly he had walked home arm in arm with this lady-snatching Spaniard, and by Heaven! yes, he had sworn eternal friendship with him on the doorstep.

Well, there was no doubt that the Count was an uncommonly good

fellow—for a Spaniard. As for that story of the foul, he had explained it quite satisfactorily, and he had taken his beating like a gentleman. Could anything be nicer or in better feeling than his allusions to Cousin Pieter in his after-supper speech? Also, and this was a graver matter, the man had shown that he was tolerant and kindly by the way in which he had dealt with the poor creature called the Mare, a woman whose history Dirk knew well; one whose sufferings had made of her a crazy and rash-tongued wanderer, who, so it was rumoured, could use a knife.

In fact, for the truth may as well be told at once, Dirk was a Lutheran, having been admitted to that community two years before. To be a Lutheran in those days, that is in the Netherlands, meant, it need scarcely be explained, that you walked the world with a halter round your neck and a vision of the rack and the stake before your eyes; circumstances under which religion became a more earnest and serious thing than most people find it in this century. Still even at that date the dreadful penalties attaching to the crime did not prevent many of the burgher and lower classes from worshipping God in their own fashion. Indeed, if the truth had been known, of those who were present at Lysbeth's supper on the previous night more than half, including Pieter van de Werff, were adherents of the New Faith.

To dismiss religious considerations, however, Dirk could have



He awakened by a bad headache at half-past four of a winter morning. Yet as Dirk lay and thought

wished that this kindly natured Spaniard was not quite so good-looking or quite so appreciative of the excellent points of young Leyden ladies, and especially of Lysbeth's, with whose sterling character, he now remembered, Montalvo had assured him, he was much impressed. What he feared was that this regard might be reciprocal. After all a Spanish hidalgo in command of the garrison was a distinguished person, and, alas! Lysbeth also was a Catholic. Dirk loved Lysbeth; he loved her with that patient sincerity which was characteristic of his race and his own temperament, but in addition to and above the reasons that have been given already it was this fact of the difference of religion which hitherto had built a wall between them. Of course she was unaware of anything of the sort. She did not know even that he belonged to the New Faith, and without the permission of the elders of his sect, he would not dare to tell her, for the lives of men and of their families could not be confided lightly to the hazard of a girl's discretion.

Herein lay the real reason why, although he was so devoted to Lysbeth, and although he imagined that she was not indifferent to him, as yet no word had passed between them of love or marriage. How could he who was a Lutheran ask a Catholic to become his wife without telling her the truth? And if he told her the truth, and she consented to take the risk, how could he drag her into that dreadful net? Supposing even that she kept to her own faith, which of course she would be at liberty to do, although equally, of course, he was bound to try to convert her, their children, if they had any, must be brought up in his beliefs. Then, sooner or later, might come the informer, that dreadful informer whose shadow already lay heavy upon thousands of homes in the Netherlands, and after the informer the officer, and after the officer the priest, and after the priest the judge, and after the judge—the executioner and the stake.

In this case, what would happen to Lysbeth? She might prove herself innocent of the horrible crime of heresy, if by that time she was innocent, but what would life become to the loving woman whose husband and children, perhaps, had been haled off to the slaughter chambers of the Papal Inquisition? This was the true first cause why Dirk had remained silent, even when he was sorely tempted to speak; yes, although his instinct told him that his silence had been misinterpreted and set down to over-caution, or indifference, or to unnecessary scruples.

The next to wake up that morning was Lysbeth, who, if she was not troubled with headache resulting from indulgence—and in that day women of her class sometimes suffered from it—had pains of her own to overcome. When sifted and classified these pains resolved themselves into a sense of fiery indignation against Dirk van Goorl. Dirk had been late for his appointment, alleging some ridiculous excuse about the cooling of a bell, as though she cared whether the bell were hot or cold, with the result that she had been thrown into the company of that dreadful Martha the Mare. After the Mare—aggravated by Black Meg—came the Spaniard. Here again Dirk had shown contemptible indifference and insufficiency, for he had allowed her to be forced into the Wolf sledge against her will. Nay, he had actually consented to the thing. Next, in a fateful sequence followed all the other incidents of that hideous carnival; the race, the foul, if it was a foul; the dreadful nightmare vision called into her mind by the look upon Montalvo's face; the trial of the Mare, her own unpremeditated but indelible perjury; the lonely drive with the man who had forced her to it; the exhibition of herself before all the world as his willing companion; and the feast in which he appeared as her cavalier, and was accepted of the simple company almost as an angel entertained by chance.

What did he mean? Doubtless, for on that point she could scarcely be mistaken, he meant to make love to her, for had he not in practice said as much? And now—this was the terrible thing—she was practically in his power, since if he chose to do so, without doubt he could prove that she had sworn a false oath for her own purposes. Also that lie weighed upon her mind, although it had been spoken in a good cause; if it was good to save a wretched fanatic from the fate which, were the truth known, without doubt her crime deserved.

Of course, the Spaniard was a bad man, if an attractive one, and he had behaved wickedly, if with grace and breeding; but who expected anything else from a Spaniard, who only acted after his kind and for his own ends? It was Dirk—Dirk—that was to blame, not so much, and here again came the rub—for his awkwardness and mistakes of yesterday, as for his general conduct. Why had he not spoken to her before, and put her beyond the reach of such accidents as these to which a woman of her position and substance must necessarily be exposed? The Saints knew that she had given him opportunity enough. She had gone as far as a maiden might, and not for all the Dirks on earth would she go one inch further. Why had she ever come to care for his foolish face? Why had she refused So-and-so, and So-and-so and So-and-so—all of them honourable men—with the result that now no other bachelor ever came near her, understanding that she was under bond to her cousin? In the past she had persuaded herself that it was because of something which she felt but could not see, of a hidden nobility of character that after all was not very evident upon the surface, that she loved Dirk van Goorl. But where was this something, this nobility? Surely a man who was a man ought to have played his part, and not leave her in this false position, especially as there could be no question of means. She would not have come to him empty-handed, very far from it, indeed. Oh! were it not for the unlucky fact that she still happened to care about him—to her sorrow—never, never would she speak to him again.

The last of our three friends to awake on this particular morning, between nine and ten o'clock, indeed, when Dirk had been already two hours at his factory, and Lysbeth was buying provisions in the market place, was that accomplished and excellent officer, Captain the Count Juan de Montalvo. For a few seconds after his dark eyes opened he stared at the ceiling collecting his thoughts. Then, sitting up in bed, he burst into a prolonged roar of laughter. Really the whole thing was too funny for any man of humour to contemplate without being moved to merriment. That gaby, Dirk van Goorl; the furiously indignant but helpless Lysbeth; the solemn, fat-headed fools of Netherlands at the supper, and the fashion in which he had played his own tune on the whole pack of them as though they were the strings of a fiddle—oh! it was delicious.

As the reader by this time may have guessed, Montalvo was not the typical Spaniard of romance, and, indeed, of history. He was

not gloomy and stern; he was not even particularly vengeful or bloodthirsty. On the contrary, he was a clever and utterly unprincipled man with a sense of humour and a gift of *bonhomie* which made him popular in all places. Moreover, he was brave, a good soldier; in a certain sense sympathetic, and, strange to say, no bigot. Indeed, which seems to have been a rare thing in those days, his religious views were so enlarged that he had none at all. His conduct, therefore, if from time to time it was affected by passing spasms of acute superstition, was totally uninfluenced by any settled spiritual hopes or fears, a condition which, he found, gave him great advantages in life. In fact, had it suited his purpose, Montalvo was prepared, at a moment's notice, to become Lutheran or Calvinist, or Mahomedan, or mystic, or even Anabaptist; on the principle, he would explain, that it is easy for the artist to paint any picture he likes upon a blank canvas.

And yet this curious pliancy of mind, this lack of conviction, this absolute want of moral sense, which ought to have given the Count such great advantages in his conflict with the world, were, in reality, the main source of his weakness. Fortune had made a soldier of the man, and he did the part as he would have done any part. But nature intended him for a play-actor, and from day to day he posed and mimed and mouthed through life in this character or in that, though never in his own character, principally because he had none. Still, far down in Montalvo's being there was something solid and genuine, and that something not good but bad. It was very rarely on view; the hand of circumstance must plunge deep to find it, but it dwelt there; the strong, cruel Spanish spirit which would sacrifice anything to save, or even to advance, itself. It was this spirit that Lysbeth had seen looking out of his eyes on the yesterday, which, when he knew that the race was lost, had prompted him to try to kill his adversary, although he killed himself in the attempt. Nor did she see it then for the last time, for twice more at least in her life she was destined to meet and tremble at its power.

In short, although Montalvo was a man who really disliked cruelty, he could upon occasion be cruel to the last degree; although he appreciated friends, and desired to have them, he could be the foulest of traitors. Although without a cause he would do no hurt to a living thing, yet if that cause were sufficient he would cheerfully consign a whole cityful to death. No, not cheerfully, he would have regretted their end very much, and often afterwards might have thought of it with sympathy and even sorrow. This was where he differed from the majority of his countrymen in that age, who would have done the same thing, and more brutally, from honest principle, and for the rest of their lives rejoiced at the memory of the deed.

Montalvo had his ruling passion; it was not war, it was not women; it was money. But here again he did not care about the money for itself, since he was no miser, and being the most inveterate of gamblers never saved a single stiver. He wanted it to spend and to stake upon the dice. Thus again, in variance to the taste of most of his countrymen, he cared little for the other sex; he did not even like their society, and as for their passion and the rest he thought it something of a bore. But he did care intensely for their admiration, so much so that if no better game were at hand, he would take enormous trouble to fascinate even a serving maid or a fish girl. Wherever he went it was his ambition to be reported the man the most admired of the fair in that city, and to attain this end he offered himself upon the altar of numerous love affairs which did not amuse him in the least. Of course, the indulgence of this vanity meant expense, since the fair require money and presents, and he who pursues them should be well dressed and horsed and able to do things in the very finest style. Also their relatives must be entertained, and when they were entertained impressed with the sense that they had the honour to be guests of a grandee of Spain.

Now that of a grandee has never been a cheap profession; indeed, as many a pauper peer knows to-day, rank without resources is a terrific burden. Montalvo had the rank, for he was a well-born man, whose sole heritage was an ancient tower built by some warlike ancestor in a position admirably suited to the purpose of the said ancestor, namely, the pillage of travellers through a neighbouring mountain pass. When, however, travellers ceased to use that pass, or for other reasons robbery became no longer productive, the revenues of the Montalvo family declined till at the present date they were practically nil. Thus it came about that the status of the last representative of this ancient stock was that of a soldier of fortune of the common type, endowed, unfortunately for himself, with grand ideas, a gambler's fatal fire, expensive tastes, and more than the usual pride of race.

Although, perhaps, he had never defined them very clearly, even to himself, Juan de Montalvo had two aims in life: first to indulge his every freak and fancy to the full, and next—but this was secondary and somewhat nebulous—to re-establish the fortunes of his family. In themselves they were quite legitimate aims, and in those times, when fishers of troubled waters generally caught something, and when men of ability and character might force their way to splendid positions, there was no reason why they should not have led him to success. Yet so far, at any rate, in spite of many opportunities, he had not succeeded although he was now a man of more than thirty. The causes of his failure were various, but at the bottom of them lay his lack of stability and genuineness.

A man who is always playing a part amuses everyone but convinces nobody. Montalvo convinced nobody. When he discoursed on the mysteries of religion with priests, even priests who in those days for the most part were stupid, felt that they assisted in a mere intellectual exercise. When his theme was war his audience guessed that his object was probably love. When love was his song an inconvenient instinct was apt to convince the lady immediately concerned that it was love of self and not of her. They were all more or less mistaken, but, as usual, the women went nearest to the mark. Montalvo's real aim was self, but he spelt it, Money. Money in large sums was what he wanted, and what in this way or that he meant to win.

Now even in the sixteenth century fortunes did not lie to the hand of every adventurer. Military pay was small, and not easily recoverable; loot was hard to come by, and quickly spent. Even the ransom of a rich prisoner or two soon disappeared in the payment of such debts of honour as could not be avoided. Of course there remained the possibility of wealthy marriage, which in a country like the Netherlands, that was full of rich heiresses, was not difficult to a high-born, handsome, and agreeable man of the

ruling Spanish caste. Indeed, after many chances and changes time had come at length when Montalvo must either marry or be ruined. For his station his debts, especially his gaming debts, were enormous, and creditors met him at every turn. Unfortunate for him, also, some of these creditors were persons who had the odium of people in authority. So at last it came about that the intimation reached him that this scandal must be abated, or that he must go back to Spain, a country which, as it happened, was not in the least wish to visit. In short, the sorry hour of reckoning that hour which overtakes all procrastinators, had arrived, and marriage, wealthy marriage, was the only way where-with it could be defied. It was a sad alternative to a man who for his own part did not wish to marry, but this had to be faced.

Thus it came about that, as the only suitable *partie* in Leyden, the Count Montalvo had sought out the well-favoured and well-endowed Jufvrouw Lysbeth van Hout to be his companion in his great sledge race, and taken so much trouble to ensure to himself a friendly reception at her house.

So far, things went well, and, what was more, the opening of the chase had proved distinctly entertaining. Also, the scene of the place, after his appropriation of her at a public festival, their long moonlight *tête-à-tête*, which by now must be considered as gossip's talk, would be quite prepared for any amount of attention which he might see fit to pay to Lysbeth. Indeed, why should not pay attention to an affianced woman whose rank was low but whose means were greater than his own? Of course, he knew her name had been coupled with that of Dirk van Goorl, but he was perfectly aware also that these two young people were attached to each other, for as they walked home together on the previous evening Dirk, possibly for motives of his own, had favoured him with an intoxicated confidence to that effect. But as they were not affianced what did that matter? Indeed, had they been affianced, would it matter? Still, Dirk van Goorl was an obstacle, and therefore, although he seemed to be a good fellow, and he was sorry for him, Dirk van Goorl must be got out of the way, since he was convinced that Lysbeth was one of those sturdy, natured creatures who would probably decline to marry him self, and this young Leyden lout had vanished. And yet he did not wish to be mixed up with duels, if for no other reason because in a duel the unexpected may always happen, and that would be a poor way to die. Certainly also he did not wish to be mixed up with murder; but because he intensely disliked the idea of killing anybody, and he was quite driven to it; and secondly, because murder was a nasty way of coming out. One could never be quite sure in what light the despatching of a young Netherlander of respectable family and fortune would be looked at by those in authority.

Also, there was another thing to be considered. If this young man died it was impossible to know exactly how Lysbeth would take his death. Thus she might elect to refuse to marry or decide to mourn him for four or five years, which for all practical purposes would be just as bad. And yet while Dirk lived how could he possibly persuade her to transfer her affections to himself? It seemed, therefore, that Dirk ought to debase. For quite a quarter of an hour Montalvo thought the matter over and then, just as he had given it up and determined to leave things to chance for a while at least, inspiration came, a splendid, a heaven-sent inspiration.

Dirk must not die, Dirk must live, but his continued existence must be the price of the hand of Lysbeth van Hout. If she was half as fond of the man as he believed, it was probable that she would be delighted to marry anybody else in order to save his precious neck, for that was just the kind of sentimental idiocy of which nine women out of ten really enjoyed the indulgence. Moreover, this scheme had other merits; it did everyone a good turn. Dirk would be saved from extinction for which he should be grateful; Lysbeth, besides earning the honour of an alliance, perhaps only temporary, with himself, would be able to go through life wrapped in a heavenly glow of virtue arising from the impression that she had really done something very fine and tragic, while Montalvo, under Providence, the humble purveyor of these blessings, would also benefit to some small extent.

The difficulty was: How could the situation be created? How could the interesting Dirk be brought to a pass that would give the lady an opportunity of exercising her finer feelings on his behalf? If only he were a heretic now! Well, by the Pope's orders, shouldn't he be a heretic? If ever a fellow had the heretical spirit this fellow had; flat-faced, sanctimonious-looking, and with a fondness for dark-coloured stockings—he had observed that all heretics, male and female, wore dark-coloured stockings, perhaps by way of mortifying the flesh. He could think of only one thing against it, the young man had drunk too much last night. But that was some breeds of heretics who did not mind drinking much. Also the best would slip sometimes, for, as he had learned from the old Castilian priest who taught him *humanum est*, &c.

Thus, then, was the summary of his reflections:—(1) That to the situation, within three months or so he must be united in matrimony with Lysbeth van Hout. (2) That if it proved impossible to remove the young man, Dirk van Goorl, from his path, overmatching him in the lady's affections, or by playing on his jealousy (Query. Could a woman be egged into becoming jealous of that flounder of a man and into marrying someone else on a pique?), stronger measures must be adopted. (3) That such measures should consist of inducing the lady to save her lover the stake by uniting herself in marriage with one who for her part would do violence to his conscience and manipulate the business. (4) That this plan would be best put into execution by proving the lover to be a heretic, but if unhappily this could not be proved because he was not, still he must figure in that capacity for occasion only. (5) That meanwhile it would be well to cultivate the society of Mynheer van Goorl as much as possible, because he was a person with whom, under the circumstances, he would naturally wish to become intimate, and secondly, because he was quite certain to be an individual with money to lend.

Now, these researches after heretics invariably cost money. They involved the services of spies. Obviously, therefore, in Dirk, the Dutch Flounder, was a man to provide the butter in which he was going to be fried. Why, if any Hollander had any special humour he would see the joke of it himself—and Montalvo, in his reflections as he had begun them with a merry peal of laughter which he rose and ate a most excellent breakfast.

It was at half-past five o'clock that afternoon before the Acting-Commandant Montalvo returned from some place where he had been attending, for it may be explained that he was an officer and a master of detail. As he entered his room, he found a man who acted as his servant, a man selected for his discretion, saluted and stood at attention.

"Where is she?" he asked.

"She is here, though I had difficulty enough in getting her to come, for I found her in bed and out of humour," replied the servant. "Where is she?"

"In the inner room, Excellency."

"Can you see that no one disturbs us, and—stay, when she comes, let her and note her movements till you trace her to the door?"

Montalvo passed upstairs into the inner room, shutting both doors behind him. The place was dimly lit, but through the large stone-mullioned window the moon poured brightly, and by them, seated in a chair, Montalvo saw a black-draped form. Nothing forbidding, something almost unnatural, in its form perched thus upon a chair in expectant attitude—him—for he had a touch of inconveniently an evil bird squatted upon the bough of a dead tree, the dawn that it might go forth to devour some one.

"Mother Meg?" he asked in tones from which his anxiety had vanished. "Quite like old times at The Hague?"

The form turned its head, for he could see the light shine from the eyes.

"Well, Excellency?" said a voice hoarse and thick with disuse, like the croak of a crow, "though it is little thanks to me, those must be strong who can bathe in Rhine water through a hole in the ice and take no hurt."

"A woman," he answered; "I have no time for it. You were locked yesterday, it served you right for losing your key. Could you not see that I had my own game to play, and you were spoiling it? Must I be flouted before my men, and you warn a lady with whom I wish to stand well?"

"You naturally have a game to play, Excellency, but when it comes to locking first robbed and then nearly drowned beneath the water, that is a game which Black Meg does not forget."

"Hush, mother; you are not the only person with a memory. What was the reward? Twelve florins? Well, you shall have more; that's good pay for a lick of cold water. Are you satisfied?"

"No, Excellency. I wanted the life, that heretic's life. I wanted to see her while she burned, or to tread her down while she was alive. I have a grudge against the woman because I know, because I know," she repeated fiercely, "that if I do not kill her, she will try to kill me. Her husband and her young son were set up in my evidence mostly, but this is the third time she has tried to kill me."

"Hush, mother, patience, and I daresay that everything will be right in the end. You have bagged two of the family—Papa and the Young Hopeful. Really you should not grumble if the girl takes a little hunting, or wonder that in the meanwhile you are not popular with Mamma. Now, listen. You know the young man whom it was necessary that I should humour yesterday. Is that one she not?"

"Yes, I know her, and I knew her father. He left her house, and took her jewellery, and thirty thousand crowns, which are placed at her disposal. A nice fortune for a gallant who wants money, but it will be Dirk van Goor's, not yours."

"Ah, that is just the point. Now what do you know about Dirk van Goor?"

"A respectable, hard-working burgher, son of well-to-do parents, a weak man, who live at Alkmaar. Honest, but not very clever; a man who grows rich, becomes a Burgomaster, founds a school for the poor, and has a fine monument put up to his memory."

"Mother, the cold water has dulled your wits. When I ask you what I want to learn what you know *against* him."

"Excellency, naturally, but against this one I can tell you. He has no lovers, he does not gamble, he does not drink after dinner. He works in his factory all day, rises early, and calls on the Jufvrouw van Hout. That is all."

"Does he attend Mass?"

"He goes to Kerke once a week, but he does not take the sacrament to confession."

"Is bad, mother, very bad. You don't mean to say he is a heretic?"

"Yes, Excellency. Most of them are about here."

"How very shocking. Do you know, I should not like to see a young woman, a good Catholic too, like you and me, become mixed up with one of these dreadful things, might expose her to all sorts of dangers. For, mother, might she not be defiled?"

"Time, Excellency," replied his visitor with a snort. "What do you want?"

"The interests of this young lady, I want to prove to you that she is a heretic, and it has struck me that—as one of these sort of things—you might be able to find the evidence."

"Excellency, and has it struck you what my face looks like after I had thrust my head into a wasp's nest for you? Do you know what it means to me if I go among the heretics of Leyden? Well, I will tell you. I should be killed. They are a strong lot, a good lot, and so long as you leave them alone they are all right, but if you interfere with them, why—tonight. Oh, yes, I know all about the law and the edicts and the Emperor. But the Emperor burns a whole people, and though I hate them, I added, standing up suddenly and speaking in a loud voice, "that in the end the law and the priests will get the worst of this fight. Yes, these priests will beat them all and cut the throats of you Spaniards,

and thrust those of you who are left alive out of their country, and spit upon your memories and worship God in their own fashion, and be proud and free, when you are dogs gnawing the bones of your greatness; dogs kicked back into your kennels to rot there. Those are not my own words," said Meg in a changed voice as she sat down again. "They are the words of that devil, Martha the Mare, which she spoke in my hearing when we had her on the rack, but somehow I think that they will come true, and that is why I always remember them."

"Indeed, her ladyship the Mare is a more interesting person than I thought, though if she can talk like that, perhaps, after all, it would have been as well to drown her. And now, dropping prophesy and leaving posterity to arrange for itself, let us come to business. How much—for evidence which would suffice to procure his conviction, mind?"

"Five hundred florins, not a stiver less, so, Excellency, you need not waste your time trying to beat me down. You want good evidence, evidence on which the Council, or whoever they may appoint, will convict, and that means the unshaken testimony of two witnesses. Well, I tell you, it isn't easy to come by; there is great danger to the honest folk who seek it, for these heretics are desperate people, and if they find a spy while they are engaged in devil-worship at one of their conventicles, why—they kill him."

"I know all that, mother. What are you trying to cover up that you are so talkative? It isn't your usual way of doing business. Well, it is a bargain—you shall have your money when you produce the evidence. And now, really, if we stop here much longer people will begin to make remarks, for who shall escape aspersion

in this censorious world? So good-night, mother, good-night," and he turned to leave the room.

"No, Excellency," she croaked with a snort of indignation. "no pay, no play; I don't work on the faith of your Excellency's word alone."

"How much?" he asked again.

"A hundred florins down."

Then for a while they wrangled hideously, their heads held close together in the patch of moonlight, and so loathsome did their faces look, so plainly was the wicked purpose of their hearts written upon them, that in that faint luminous glow they might have been mistaken for emissaries from the under-world chaffering over the price of a human soul. At last the bargain was struck for fifty florins, and having received it into her hand Black Meg departed.

"Sixty-seven in all," she muttered to herself as she regained the street. "Well, it was no use holding out for any more, for he hasn't got the cash. The man's as poor as Lazarus, but he wants to live like Dives, and, what is more, he gambles, as I learned at The Hague. Also, there's something queer about his past; I have heard as much as that. It must be looked into, and perhaps the bundle of papers which I helped myself to out of his desk while I was waiting"—and she touched the bosom of her dress to make sure that they were safe—"may tell me a thing or two, though likely enough they are only unpaid bills. Ah! most noble cheat and captain, before you have done with her you may find that Black Meg knows how to pay back hot water for cold!"

(To be continued)



The bolero bodice finely tucked all over, while the small revers which turn back on to it are enriched by lace appliqué. The same lace is used to border the bolero, which is further trimmed with black ribbon velvet, the ends of which are finished off with small buckles. The sleeves are also trimmed with the ribbon velvet and insertion and tucks. The under-bodice and under-sleeves are of embroidered mousseline de soie. The waistbelt is of white silk. The skirt is trimmed with black velvet ribbon, lace insertion and tucks to correspond.

AN "AT HOME" TOILETTE OF SERGE



BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

"PORTRAIT OF A SAILOR"

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANS HALS IN THE HERMITAGE GALLERY, ST. PETERSBURG

Madame Favart

ACTRESS AND OPERATIC
SINGER

MADAME FAVART, the French actress of the days of Louis XV., is known to English readers as the heroine of Gluck's comic opera, which, after a success at the Folies Dramatiques in Paris, was brought out in an English form, by Miss Florence St. John and the late Mrs. Siddons in the principal parts, at the Theatre rather more than twenty years ago. She occupies, however, a large place in French dramatic annals, and was in her day the most popular actress on the French stage. The story of her life is interesting and curious, and all for the light that it throws on the manners of her time. Its salient features, and that which has furnished the subject of the opera book with his chief theme, is the persecution which both she and her husband sustained for some years at the hands of Count Maurice, Marshal de Saxe, the hero of Fontenoy, whose amatory intrigues have proved an inexhaustible source of subjects for French and German writers. This notorious lady-killer, then in the mature age of fifty, appears to have been desperately in love with the young actress, and to have determined to make her his mistress; but the lady, so far from encouraging his passion, resolutely refused to accept his attentions, and to the last she preserved her reputation as a loving and a faithful wife. Numerous letters of the Marshal, written to her in an extravagant vein of adulation, are extant. He addressed her also in rapturous verses ending, "Adieu, dévoté, du parterre adorée;" but as his command of the French tongue was notoriously very limited, and did not go, as some one has said, far beyond a few choice words, it was observed that he must have availed himself for the occasion of the services of a hack poet. To all this it is manifest in the epistles themselves that the object of his persecutions turned a deaf ear. On the other hand the correspondence between Favart and his wife, which has been published, shows them to have been united in bonds of the tenderest affection. Their troubles seem to have begun in Flanders, where Marshal Saxe, as commander-in-chief of the French forces, was waging war with the British troops under the Duke of Cumberland. Favart, who was a very successful writer of operas and vaudevilles, a capable stage manager, and himself a very popular actor and singer, was induced by the Marshal, during the temporary closing of the Opéra Comique in Paris, to accompany the French Staff with a company of comedians. Happily Favart's young bride was induced by her husband to join the troupe, and it is to have been during this time (1746) that military Lovelace conceived his nefarious schemes. Madame Favart, compelled to flight in order to escape from the vengeance of her persecutor, found a hiding-place in Brussels. It is said that when the Count de Saxe became apprised of this act of audacity on the part of the wife of a mere player he flew at a great passion and actually obtained a *lettre de cachet* against the unfortunate actress, who, dreading the impending loss of liberty, was constrained in his turn to fly. She found an asylum near Strasbourg, in the house of a country curé, where for a while she lodged in a cellar, and to gain his bread took to writing fans by the light of a candle. In one of his letters to his wife at this time, he writes: "I wish it were a happy fête-day, my dear Justine. If you could be with me as I am wretched in being separated from you I could exceed my felicity," to which his correspondent replied: "They have threatened to do me much harm, but I am not at their threats. With you I would go with a light heart to beg my bread. If it should prove impossible to do so here, we will go and end our days abroad, united in love and friendship." It appears, however, that Madame Favart had underrated the power of her arch enemy. She was at last to return to Paris, and had played for several years at the Théâtre Italien, when the atrocious Marshal, in the persistent malignity of a villain of suburban melodrama, put in force his threat to have her arrested by a *lettre de cachet*. Hardest fate of all, her sudden disappearance gave rise to odious rumours about her; but it appears that officers who were charged with the task of arresting her, obeyed her to a convent at Les Andelys, whence she was afterwards removed to a convent at Angers, where, strange to say, may appear, she was held a prisoner under the authority



MADAME FAVART

FROM THE PAINTING BY VAN LOO, IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. REGINALD VAILE

of the Royal Warrant. It was not till the death of the unchivalrous Marshal, on November 30, 1750, that Favart and his wife were finally placed out of reach of his malice. Between these twain there was not merely a deep and steadfast personal affection: they were bound together by community of tastes and by their mutual devotion to music and the stage. Favart, the son of a pastrycook in Paris, was born in 1710, and showed very early a taste and a vocation for musical composition. Madame Favart, whose maiden name was Marie Justine Benoite du Ronceray, was born in Avignon in 1727, the daughter of a musician belonging to the choir of the chapel of King Stanislas of Poland, and was educated at Nancy. It will thus be seen that in 1745, when she married Favart, the bridegroom was thirty-five years of age and the bride was eighteen. Even at that early period, however, Madame Favart had already won a high reputation. It was only in the year before her marriage that she came to Paris with her mother and made her first appearance at the Opéra Comique under the name of Mlle. de Chantilly. "Her expressive and charming countenance," we are told, "combined with her personal grace, the *finesse* of her style of acting, and the

freshness of her voice," gave so great a vogue to the Opéra Comique, that the great privileged theatres, growing jealous of its good fortune, obtained the temporary suppression of their prosperous rival. It was in 1751 that, freed from their long trials, husband and wife made their first re-appearance on the scene of the actress's early triumphs. From that time peace and prosperity seem to have attended them. Favart's numerous operas, vaudevilles, and *comédies mêlées de chant* enjoyed a great renown, and in all her husband's works it was Madame Favart who created the principal woman's part. In the character of Roxelane in her husband's opera, *Les Trois Altanes*, she is said to have been admired alike as a singer, an actress, and a dancer. All her critics dwell on her unforced gaiety, her distinction, and her charm of manner, and it is recorded that she retained to the last her firm hold on the favour of the public. She died on the 20th April, 1772, at the age of forty-five, of a painful malady, and, it is said, with incredible cheerfulness and patience. Her husband, though, as we have seen, her senior, survived her many years, and died on the 1st of February, 1806, at the advanced age of ninety-six.

THROUGH THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—XVI.

BRITISH TRAVELLERS AND EXPLORERS

By J. SCOTT KELTIE, LL.D.



SIR JOHN FRANKLIN

From a Lithograph by Maguire after a Photograph by Negelen

ONE has only to compare an atlas like Cary's, published at the beginning of the century, with even a moderately good atlas of the present time, to realise how vast has been the increase in our knowledge of the Earth's surface during the past one hundred years. It may be said that with the exception of the Antarctic area, our knowledge of continents and oceans is complete as to their main features. The pioneer work of exploration is all but accomplished except in the region referred to, and what now remains to be done is to fill up details, and this is being accomplished every day. In this great work England has borne a leading part. In the Antarctic blank, for example, to which we have referred, what we do know for certain is mainly due to the great expedition under Sir James Ross, which pushed south to over 78 deg. sixty years ago, and of which the sole survivor is Sir Joseph Hooker. The work of Ross, there is every reason to believe, will be completed within the next few years by England, probably in alliance with Germany.

At the other end of the Earth, the Arctic region bristles with the names of Englishmen, many of whom have found their graves around the inhospitable pole. Franklin, before he died at his post, had explored much of the north coast of the American Continent and of its immediate interior. Earlier in the century we find Parry and Beechey trying to force the North-West Passage. John Ross and his nephew James, afterwards Sir James, in the thirties spent four winters exploring about Boothia and discovering the Magnetic Pole. Back and Dease and Simpson and Rae are among others who filled

expedition under Sir George Nares that broke the record in northing, Albert Markham reaching 83 deg., 20 min. 26 sec., which Lockwood surpassed by a bare mile or two. It was only the other day that Nansen got some three degrees nearer the Pole. On the opposite side of the Arctic, Parry, in 1827, managed, north of Spitzbergen, to reach 82 deg. 45 min. N., which was the record for



MUNGO PARK

half a century. Later in the century we have the names of Lamont, Leigh Smith, Albert Markham, Frederick Jackson, Sir Martin Conway, and Colonel Feilden, connected with exploration in Spitzbergen, Franz Josef Land, and Novaya Zemlya, while Scoresby and Sabine did good work on the east coast of Greenland, and Edward Whymper was one of the first to attempt the inland ice.



JOHN HANNING SPEKE

From an Engraving by S. Hollier. From a Photograph by Southwell Pros.

Coming south to more hospitable shores, the survey of our own islands had only begun under the initiation of General Roy with the birth of the century. Since then it has been gradually completed, and the British Islands have been splendidly mapped all over. The Royal Geographical Society was founded in 1830, and since then five other similar societies in England and Scotland have helped to promote our knowledge of geography. Europe was really a field for exploration till well on in the century, and "Tours" and "Travels" in Europe for many years formed a very large proportion of the literature of travel.

But it is in more distant spheres that the more brilliant feats of British exploring work have been accomplished. We have only space to refer to a very few of the hundreds of names that deserve mention. One of the greatest works of the kind accomplished by any country has been the complete survey of India by British



SIR JAMES ROSS

After the Portrait by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.

Government officials. Begun in 1800 under Major Lambton it was carried on to completion in 1883 under a succession of able men like Everest, Waugh, Montgomerie, Walker, and others. It has been extended eastward and westward with our extending Indian Empire and by means of trained native surveyors; the compass has been beyond India, far into Tibet and Central Asia, have been explored and mapped. With the exploration of Western Asia—Asia Minor and Arabia—the names of not a few Englishmen are associated. The name of Lieutenant Wellsted is connected with Asia Minor and Arabia, while the great expedition in the thirties under Colonel Chesney did a vast amount for knowledge of the Euphrates and Tigris and the region through which they flow. Leake, Rich, Rawlinson, Layard, Leake, George Smith, and Charles Fellows are names intimately associated with progress in a knowledge of the geography and archaeology of part of Asia during the earlier and middle portions of the century, while later Sir Charles Wilson and his colleagues, Richard Burdett, Professor W. M. Ramsay, and others have carried on work in Asia Minor. The Holy Land has been splendidly explored and mapped by the Palestine Exploration Fund. Again, in Africa we find the names of Burton and Palgrave writ large, nor should the names of Doughty and Bent be unnoticed.



DR. HEINRICH BARTH

This western exploring work overlaps into Persia and the neighbouring regions. Both Layard and Rawlinson carried their research into these countries. Other names of men in the earlier part of the century who did much to open up Persia are those of Mount Elphinstone, Baillie Fraser, Charles Masson, and Captain A. Later we find Sir Frederic Goldsmid travelling the country in connection with the Boundary Commission and the Indo-European telegraphs, resulting in St. John's six-sheet map of Persia. For



ROBERT O'HARA BURKE

From a Wax Medallion

in the coasts and islands of the American side of the Arctic. The search for Franklin's unfortunate expedition, carried on by a host of ships for about ten years, led to an immense advance in our knowledge of this side of the Arctic under such men as Collinson and McClure (who first traversed the North-West Passage), McClintock, Osborn, Kellett, and others. Again, in 1875, it was a British

... and Floyer are other more recent names connected with the Indian Survey, and Afghanistan as well as Persia, while the Indian Survey under Roberts and his predecessors have all geography, as well as the Boundary Commissions, on the spot the line which must divide Asia and Great Britain. Stoddart and Conolly's expedition to Kashgar in 1842 was a disastrous one; much more fruitful in results was Sir Douglas Forsyth's great expedition to Kashgar in 1873. More than twenty years



DAVID LIVINGSTONE

... Sir Joseph Hooker explored in Sikhim and the Everest region. With the Mustagh and Karakoram region the names of Graham Aston and Conway are connected, as well as that of Captain Younghusband, who crossed it *en route* from Peking through Tibet. Tibet has been crossed by two Englishmen—Captain Younghusband from west to east, and Mr. Little from north to south, and the journey to within a day's journey of Lhasa. Nor in the Pamirs and the Oxus region we find the work done by such men as Lieutenant Wood and Major Wood, Colonel H. Trotter, Ney Elias, T. E. Gordon, Little, and Sir George Goldie. Ney Elias, moreover, besides surveying the new course of the Yellow River, made a remarkable journey from Peking through Western Mongolia and Siberia to the North Sea, at that time (1872) a feat to be proud of.

With China the names of many Englishmen are connected, as also with the countries lying to the south of China, and forming a part of Eastern Asia. The survey of the coasts of the mainland and islands of Eastern Asia has been carried out mainly by British naval officers, which recall the names of Basil Hall, Collinson, and Sir Thomas Munro. Robert Fortune, a botanist, travelled extensively in the forties and fifties, while the name of Captain Little, after that of Little, are intimately associated with the Yangtse. One of the first to cross by the Yangtse from Shanghai to the interior was Captain Gill in 1877, followed a few years later by A. R. Colquhoun; while for a knowledge of South-Western China

the Malay Archipelago the name of one of the greatest scientific travellers, A. R. Wallace, is connected. Thus, in filling up the century with the stupendous features of reality, Englishmen have had a share of which to be proud.

It is in Africa, however, that during the past century England has probably done more than any other nation to reduce the dimensions of the unknown. At the beginning of the century Africa was literally a blank from about 10 deg. N. to the confines of the Cape. A great imaginary range—the Mountains of the Moon—stretched across the broadest part of the Continent; while even in the northern half anything like accurate knowledge was rare. The course of the Niger was unknown, and the Nile above Kordofan conjectural, the great Congo and the Zambezi nowhere. There were no lakes, none, indeed, of those great features which form so striking a characteristic of the present map of Africa. In the first half of the century the attention of explorers was mainly given to the northern section of the continent. In 1802 Park died in the Bussa Rapids before he reached the mouth of the Niger, and it remained for Richard Lander, twenty-five years later, to finally discover the course of that river. Lyon and Ritchie, Denham and Clapperton, and Laing and Richardson, in the early years of the century, contributed much to a knowledge of the Sahara. But to the great expedition organised by the British Government in the fifties, and ultimately commanded by Dr. Barth, a German, we even yet owe much of our knowledge of the Central Sahara and of the countries in the basin of the Middle Niger. With Morocco the names of Davidson, Hooker and Ball, and Joseph Thomson are connected, and the survey of the north coast by the Beechys still holds good, as does the more extensive survey in 1820-27 of the remaining coasts of Africa by Captain Owen. Intimately connected with the Niger and Benue are the names, besides that of Lander, of Laird and Oldfield, Trotter, Baikie, Ashcroft, Joseph Thomson, and Sir George Goldie, and the officials of the Royal Niger Company; while on West Africa, as on so many other regions, the name of Richard Burton is inscribed.

England has reason to be proud of her geographical as of her



SIR AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD

From the Portrait by H. W. Phillips, in the possession of Mr. Austen. With the permission of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi

other work on the Nile. Bruce, who laid down the Abyssinian feeder of the Nile, belongs to the previous century, but with the same feeder the name of Sir Samuel Baker is associated, and it was he who discovered one of the great Nile reservoirs, the Muta Nziye or Albert Nyanza. Petherick and his companions in the fifties explored the White Nile and the region to the west. Gordon Pasha did much to clear up the hydrography of the Nile basin; but before he began his work, Speke, the companion of Burton, had in 1858, reached the shores of the magnificent Victoria Nyanza, the great source of the Nile waters. He himself and Grant followed this up a year or two later, and since then the names of Stanley, Thomson, Lugard, and many other Englishmen have been connected with this lake as well as Lake Albert and the other lake, Albert Edward, discovered by Stanley, all belonging to the Nile system. Joseph Thomson, following up the work of Wakefield, New, and others, was the first explorer of Masai Land, now British East Africa, and his work has been supplemented by many successors. When Speke discovered the Victoria Nyanza he was returning with Burton from laying down on the map the great lake reported from the interior, Tanganyika, which, with Victoria, Albert, Albert Edward, Bangweolo, and Nyasa, form such striking features in the heart of the great blank of the beginning of the century. It was Livingstone who, beginning in the forties on his great career as an explorer, first gave us certain knowledge of Bangweolo and Nyasa, as he had previously done of Ngami further south. During his wanderings, more or less spread over thirty years, this, the greatest of modern pioneer explorers, traversed an enormous area of Central Africa, discovering or giving precision to many of the most important features on our maps from the confines of the Cape to the north end of Tanganyika. It was he who really laid down the upper waters of the Congo, though he believed them to be those of the Nile, and so led to the remarkable journey of Cameron across Africa, and the immortal expedition of Stanley, during which he traced the mighty river through all its great sweeps down to the Atlantic. In other ways, on the great lakes, through the tropical forest, in the Congo region, Stanley's name stands prominent on the face of Africa alongside that of Livingstone. In the Tanganyika-Nyasa region Joseph Thomson also did good work, as well as Sir Harry Johnston, Alfred

Sharpe, O'Neill, and others who followed the great Zambezi Expedition under Livingstone, with which the name of Sir John Kirk is associated. It was Livingstone also who, earlier still, first laid down the true course of the Zambezi, and he was the first European to cross Africa. Since his time the Zambezi region, north and south, has been traversed by scores of Englishmen, among whom Baines, Ilton, and F. C. Selous deserve special mention, and is now an important part of the British Empire.

Captain Tuckey, many years before Stanley, explored the Congo



SIR RICHARD BURTON

From a Photograph by J. B. Rottmayer and Co., Trieste

as far as the first rapids. Burton's name is also connected with this river, and Grenfell has done more than any other single man to explore and map the important tributaries of this river. James Chapman, in the fifties, hunted and explored South Africa from east to west, while about the same period Francis Galton explored Damaraland, and Gordon Cumming hunted in the regions that are now covered by civilised states.

In Somaliland we find. Since exploring the high as early as 1811, and since then the country has been traversed by many Englishmen—Cruttenden, Burton, James, Swayne, and Cavendish, to mention only a few names. Even Madagascar, though a French island, has the names of many Englishmen inscribed upon it as explorers—among others Captain Owen, Ellis, Macleod, Oliver, Sibree, and Baron.

The net result has been that the great blank of a hundred years ago is now crowded with varied features—lakes, rivers, mountains, plateaus, forests, grasslands, deserts; only details have to be filled in, and about nine-tenths of the continent has been parcelled out among the Powers of Europe.

A hundred years ago, except for a few settlements on the West coast, North America was a blank west of Lake Superior and the Mississippi, and Spain was still the nominal mistress of an enormous area of what is now the United States. Mackenzie and Vancouver



SIR SAMUEL BAKER

From a Photograph by E. Kelley, Newton Abbot

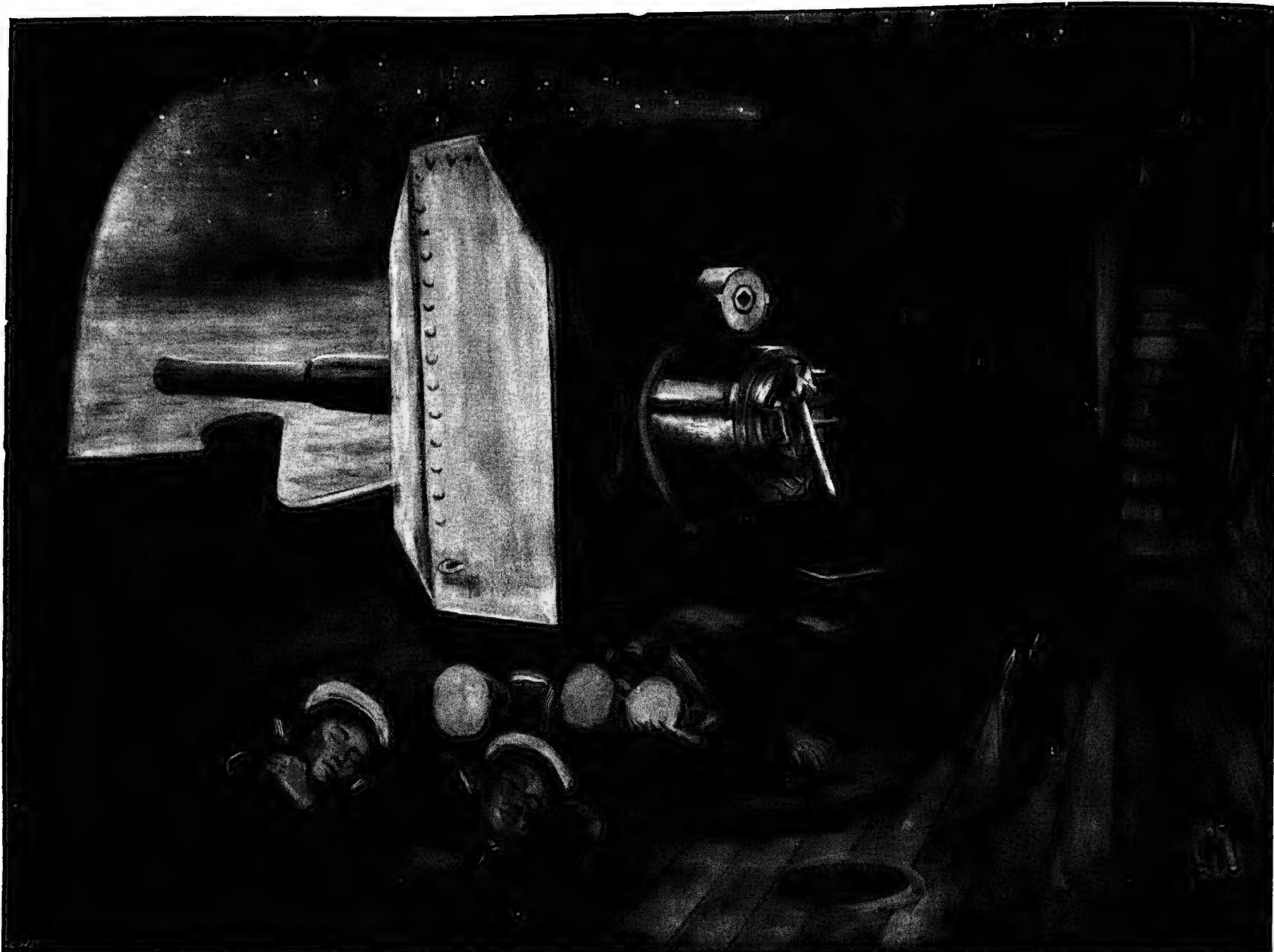
more than Colborne Baber. The Indian Survey is Burma what it has done for India, while not only in the Himalayas and the Native Malay States, but in Siam and Japan survey work has been mainly accomplished by British officers. Japan recalls the names of Alcock and Mrs. Alcock, those of the latter and Mr. Carles. With



SIR HENRY MORTON STANLEY, G.C.B.

From a Portrait by Lance Calkin

belong to the end of the previous century. With the exploration of the northern region of Canada in the first half of this century, we find the names of Franklin, Back and Richardson, Dease and Simpson, Rae, and other officials of the Hudson's Bay Company intimately associated. One of the most important of the earlier expeditions for the exploration of the country between the Great



During manoeuvres at night all lights are out on board the ships, the deadlights down, and the whole fleet is wrapt in darkness. The men enter keenly into the spirit of the mimic warfare, and the night

watches are kept with decks clear and the men ready for action as if in face of a real enemy. Our illustration shows a 6-inch gun's crew in the starboard battery of a battleship

A NIGHT WATCH: SLEEPING BY THEIR GUN

DRAWN BY D. B. WATERS

Lakes, and across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Coast, was that under Captain Palliser in 1857-58, accompanied by a staff of specialists—Sullivan, Hector, S. J. Dawson, Blakiston, and Hind. In 1862 Milton and Cheade explored the Red River region, and sought to find a route to British Columbia. But in 1840 Logan began the Geological Survey of Canada, and under him and his successors, Selwyn and Dawson, aided by an able and adventurous staff, and also by the members of the Topographical Survey, nearly the whole of habitable and a large portion of uninhabitable Canada has been mapped. Dr. George Dawson himself has been one of the most distinguished of these exploring surveyors, especially in the Yukon region of Alaska. The survey work for the Canadian Pacific Railway also did much to add to our knowledge of the Dominion geography, while individual explorers like R. F. Holme, Low, the Tyrrells, and Robert Bell have done excellent work in Labrador and around Hudson's Bay. In the seventies Logan and Murray surveyed a considerable area of Newfoundland.

In the first half of the century we find many Englishmen travelling in what is now the territory of the United States, some of them, like Thomas Ashe, D. Gardner, Bollaert, Lyell, Burton, Featherstonehaugh, Chandless, and Blakiston, deserving to rank as explorers; though here, as in Canada, the admirably organised Survey has covered a very large area of the country with its excellent maps. In Central America the researches of British travellers have been mainly of an archaeological character; the great undertaking of Messrs. Godman and Salvin, the "*Biologia Centrali Americana*," is a contribution of the first importance to geographical distribution.

We find many British names scattered over the map of South America; we can only mention a few. In 1826-36, King and Fitzroy, and subsequently Fitzroy alone, in the *Adventure* and *Beagle*, at various times carried on the survey of the coasts of South America from the La Plata to Cape Horn, and up the whole of the Pacific coast to Guayaquil. By the Santa Cruz River a considerable stretch of the interior of Patagonia was explored. During the later years of Fitzroy's long-continued survey voyage Darwin was on board as naturalist, and his observations, including his journeys into the continent, added greatly to the value of the scientific results of the expedition.

Pentland in 1825-37 traversed and explored a great part of Peru, Chili, and Bolivia, including Lake Titicaca and measured some of the chief summits of the Andes. The Amazon River was descended from Peru in 1827 and 1834 by Lieutenants Maw and Smyth, and its fauna and flora

have been explored and described by three English naturalists, Bates, Wallace, and Spruce.

In 1864-65 William Chandless, amidst the greatest dangers from the Indians, explored the River Purus for a distance of 1,886 miles. In 1852-54 Clements Markham explored the forests of the Eastern Andean range, and in 1860-61 again visited Peru to transfer cinchona plants to India, a beneficent mission which he accomplished with complete success. Other names connected with the Amazonian region are those of Barrington Brown, Traill, and Matthews, while even yet the fine maps of British Guiana by Schomburgk in 1834-37 have not been superseded, although excellent work in his footsteps has been done by Im Thurn. With explorations and ascents in the great Andean range the names of E. Whymper, Fitzgerald, and Martin Conway are associated. The name of Richard Burton again comes up in the Western Hemisphere, for in the sixties he traversed the province of Minas Geraes in Brazil, while among other names connected with exploration in Brazil is that of J. W. Wells, who in 1868-84 traversed a large area of the extensive country, surveying and mapping and investigating its hydrography and natural resources. With Paraguay we find the name of Mansfield connected in the fifties, and that of young Keith Johnston in the seventies. The name of Woodbine Parish is intimately associated with the La Plata region, and that of Musters with Patagonia.

To Englishmen and pioneers and explorers of British origin our knowledge of Australasia is almost entirely due. It is impossible to refer to more than a few. In the beginning of the century almost the only settlement in Australia was the penal station of Botany Bay, while New Zealand had not even been annexed. In the first years of the century Flinders explored most of the coasts of South Australia. The officers of the Botany Bay station attempted year after year to cross the Blue Mountains and penetrate the interior. The most prominent of these early pioneers was Sturt, who not only explored the Macquarie, Darling, and Murrumbidgee in the twenties, but in the forties penetrated by the Grey range through the most inhospitable desert to within 150 miles of the centre of the continent. His experience has been that of many subsequent explorers. One of the most terrible journeys on record was that of Eyre from Adelaide to King George's Sound. In the fifties the brothers Gregory explored a great area of North Australia. After McDouall Stuart, in 1860, crossed from south to north to within 250 miles of the northern coast, Burke and Wills accomplished their arduous achievement, though all but one man perished. The same feat was, in 1862, accomplished

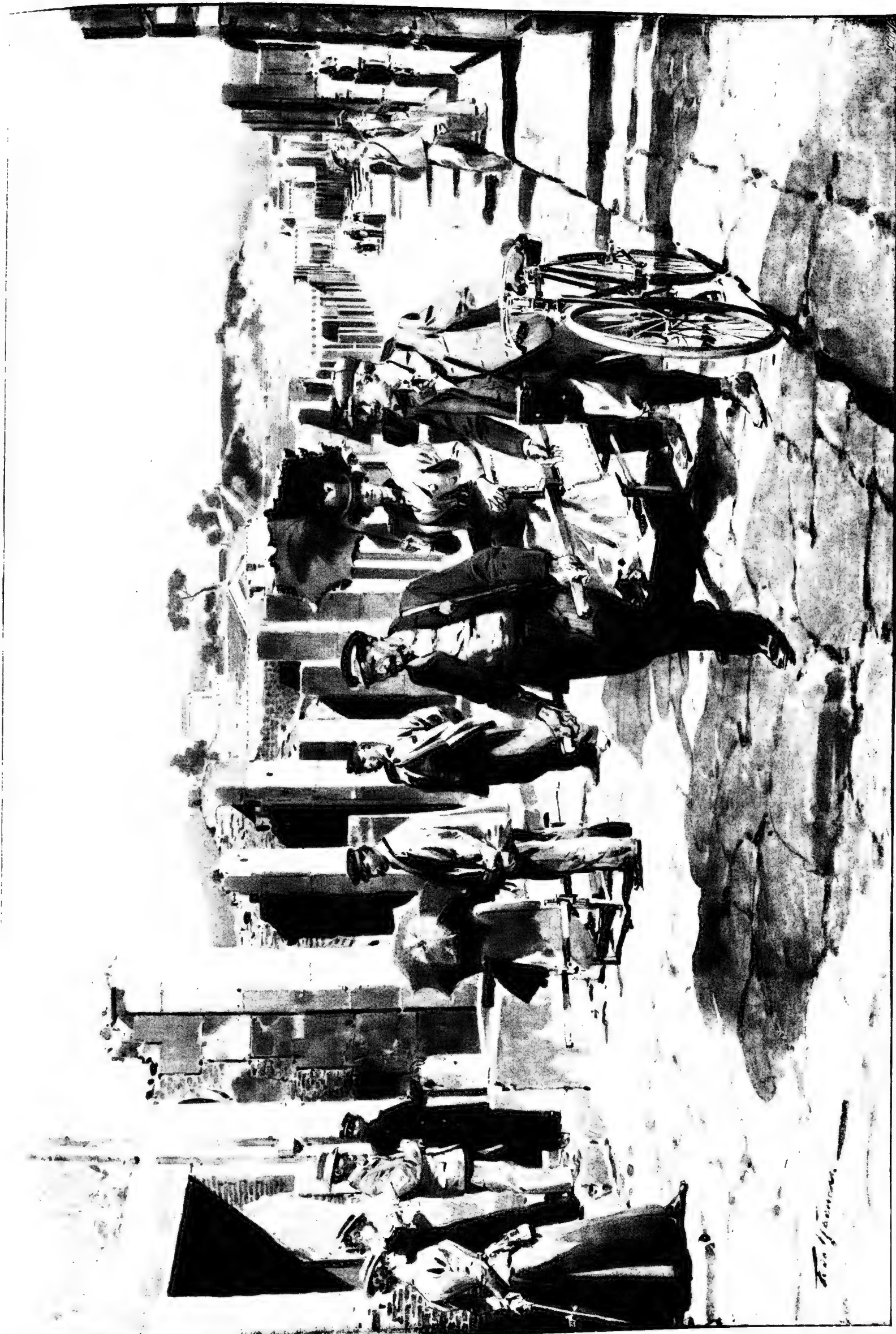
without disaster by McDouall Stuart along what is now the track of the telegraph line. From this line to the west coast the inhospitable desert was first crossed in 1873 by Warburton. Since then it has been frequently crossed by such men as the Forrests, Giles, and others, always with the same result of sand and spinifex. The unfortunate Leichhardt, though a German, was employed by the New South Wales Government, and, before he perished in the interior, had explored much of Queensland.

The exploration of New Zealand has been mainly carried out by the well-organised Colonial Survey under Sir James Hector and the late Sir Julius von Haast. The coasts of New Zealand and Australia and the surrounding regions have been fully surveyed by Her Majesty's survey ships. The island of New Guinea, adjacent to Australia, has, so far as its shores are concerned, been surveyed by British ships, while its south-eastern portion has been explored by Englishmen and Australians, among whom Sir William Macgregor, so long Governor of the British portion, holds an honoured place. During the century British ships have scoured the Pacific, surveyed and mapped its islands, and sounded its depths.

Oceanography, or deep sea research, may be said to have been a creation of the century, and the *Challenger* expedition, which traversed the seas for three years (1873-76) under Nares, with naturalists like Wyville Thomson, Moseley, Murray, and Buchanan on board, was undoubtedly the greatest expedition of its kind, and the fifty great volumes in which the results are published, under the editorship of Sir John Murray, are a monument to British scientific research and the liberality of the British Government.

Thus, in the extremely limited space at our disposal, have we attempted to give a few samples of the exploring work accomplished during the century by men of British nationality. England has certainly borne her share of this work in the past hundred years, and the net result is that nearly all the great blanks in the maps of 1800 have been filled up, and we have a fair idea of what the many-featured face of Mother Earth is like. Though much remains to be done in the exploration of the Ocean, and the Antarctic is still largely a blank, elsewhere only details remain to be filled in. It is to be hoped that in the future, as in the past, our country will not shirk her share in the great work of exploring every corner of the habitation of humanity.

"We sailed wherever ship could sail,
We founded many a mighty state;
Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fear of being great."



THE EXCAVATING WORK AT POMPEII IS COMPLETED AND CONTINUOUSLY, BUT, NOTWITHSTANDING, IT WILL BE ANOTHER FIFTY YEARS BEFORE THE WHOLE OF THIS ANCIENT CAMPANIAN CITY CAN BE DUG UP TO THE PRESENT SURFACE OF THE GROUND. THE WORKMAN ARE AT PRESENT IN A QUARTER OF THE CITY WHICH CONTAINED THE HOUSE OF SOME OF THE RICHEST OF ITS INHABITANTS. SOME OF THE HOUSES WHICH HAVE ALREADY BEEN DUG UP TO LIGHT IN THIS QUARTER ARE BEAUTIFUL AND DECORATED IN A DIFFERENT STYLE TO THOSE WHICH ARE TO BE SEEN ELSEWHERE, CONSISTENTLY WITH THE FACT THAT THIS QUARTER WAS LATELY IN A

marked reawakening of public interest in the excavations. This fact is demonstrated by the increase of number of visitors who pass through the entrance gates, among whom in the course of a season are to be found representatives of nearly every civilisation in the world. The Italian Government has been kept in control of the whole place, but it is too poor to expend money thereon. The authorities are charged to each visitor forms the fund employed for all purposes, such as properly caring and preserving the place and for paying the wages of the men and boys engaged in clearing away the ash sand and rubble and in which the greater portion of the ill-fated city still lies buried. The Government do all they possibly can to attract visitors to this most interesting place. Guides who speak several languages are provided, and chairs with porters have been added, so that invalids or those too weak to bear the fatigue of walking round the place, can be carried for a small charge. This last convenience is one of which Italy is now eagerly availing themselves.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAJOR J. LOUIE ST. NOTT

MODERNS IN THE HOME OF THE ANCIENTS: A STREET SCENE IN POMPEII

DRAWN BY F. DE HAESSEN

The excavating work at Pompeii is completed and continuously, but, notwithstanding, it will be another fifty years before the whole of this ancient Campanian city can be dug up to the present surface of the ground. The workmen are at present in a quarter of the city which contained the house of some of the richest of its inhabitants. Some of the houses which have already been dug up to light in this quarter are beautiful and decorated in a different style to those which are to be seen elsewhere, consistent with the fact that this quarter was lately in a

The Crisis in China

By CHARLES LOWE

A Military Procession

THE crisis in China during the past week has been suffering from grave disagreement among the allied Powers as to their future course of action; and their unity of conduct may be said to have come to an end on August 28, when contingents of the Allied troops, in proportion to the size of their forces in the field, marched into the Forbidden City and through the Imperial Palace in order to impress the Chinese with the completeness of their victory and the irresistible nature of their power. Thus it was that the Indo-British troops only took the third place in this "military promenade," the Russian and the Japanese being in much greater strength at Peking; but to us fell the honour of firing the salutes of twenty-one guns which marked the commencement and the close of the march. The curious procession, which was accompanied by the Diplomatic Corps, passed off in perfect quietness, and even without any of those scowlings and ominous mutterings with which the Parisian populace received the German troops when, in 1871, they marched down the Champs Elysées and camped for a few days in the Place de la Concorde. The Imperial Palace, said an eye-witness, consists of a large number of irregularly built and gaudily decorated edifices, approached through spacious grass-grown courtyards. There are many beautiful marble staircases, and the entrances are adorned by quaint bronze animals and large costly vases. The Emperor's throne is situated in a small building. It is surrounded by pedestals, on which are caskets containing written wishes. These are only opened after death. The whole place was in a state of great neglect. The Royal and female apartments were closed and were not entered. Nothing was touched. On their way through the Palace the diplomatists and generals were received by the officials, among whom were several Ministers or members of the Tsung-li-Yamen. After the procession had passed through the Palace the doors were shut, and the International troops returned to their various camping grounds—much, apparently, to the disgust and disappointment of men on the spot like Dr. Morrison of the *Times*, who lamented that "since the arrival of relief nothing has been done that we expected. The 'Boxer' leaders are not sought for or punished, temples which are the known headquarters of 'Boxers' are not destroyed, while the palace, the emblem of Chinese power, is respected, honoured, and left untouched and inviolate," though the city itself is said to have been entirely looted. This experienced observer, who, probably, derives confirmation of his views from Sir Claude MacDonald and other members of the Diplomatic Corps, is of opinion that some signal and ever-memorable act of vengeance should be indulged in to deter the Chinese from repeating the tragedy of the past three months—all the more so as he directly ascribes the responsibility for the siege of the Legations, not on the "lawless rebels, whom the Government was desirous, but powerless to repress," but on the Dowager-Empress herself, who ordered the attacks and entrusted their execution to "Yung Lu, Tung-fuh-siang, and Li Ping Heng, high Government officials who were appointed by Imperial decree to reduce the Legations by fire, sword, or famine."

A Peace Commission

Meanwhile, the exact whereabouts of the Imperial family is not clear, though there is reason to suppose that it was recently at Paoingfu, for which an expedition consisting of 4,000 Allied troops has left. It was from this place that there emanated an edict—signed by the Emperor, not the Empress—conferring on Li Hung Chang extraordinary powers for the complete settlement of the trouble in China, for it gives him authority to make any terms with the Powers, according to his discretion, without referring them to the Emperor. Associated with him in his work of peace are the notorious Prince Ching, Hsuntung, and General Yung-lu, who was the real originator of the scheme for employing the "Boxers" to exterminate all foreign and Christian converts. The nomination, therefore, of this radically anti-foreign Peace Commission is looked upon as absolutely farcical; but a more important question is—where is it to do its work? Is it to negotiate with the Powers at Peking or Tientsin, or elsewhere? It is clear that Li Hung Chang himself would prefer to meet the representatives of the Powers after their evacuation of the capital, and it is certain that the Imperial family will not return to Peking until peace of some kind has been restored. A Shanghai correspondent wired:—"The Chinese of the better class regard the proposed withdrawal as fatal, since Secret Societies will be formed everywhere, in despair of effecting reforms in China without foreign intervention. To retire without inflicting punishment on all the guilty officials would be absolutely criminal. It would be impossible to persuade the Chinese generally that the retirement was not the result of a defeat." On the other hand, General Chaffee reported home to Washington:—"Evidence accumulates that diplomatic relations will not be resumed here for a long time. The Staff of the Russian Legation will leave very soon for Tientsin. It appears to me certain that the Chinese Government will not return here while the foreign Army remains, and if this is true our Legation can transact no business. In my opinion, Peking is to be merely a camp of the foreign Army pending a settlement by the Powers at other points." That is why this prospect is so profoundly distasteful to Li Hung Chang, who lately dictated a long cablegram to Sir Chichen Lofengluh, in London, asking why he could not emulate the Chinese Minister in St.

Petersburg, who had persuaded Russia to evacuate Peking, or, at least, to declare her intention of doing so.

Diplomatic Difficulties

But the troops of the Tsar have not yet left the Chinese capital, probably in consequence of the objections to withdrawal entertained by the other Powers, especially Germany, whose attitude, reflecting the clear mind and will of the Emperor, is one of downright opposition to the Russian proposal. The Kaiser may have his faults, but he is always conspicuously *Zielbewusst*, as the Germans call it; that is to say, he knows what he is driving at, and he never on any account diverges from the path that leads straight to his object. It was just the same in the Græco-Turkish War, when the straightforward and consistent policy of William II. contrasted so strongly with the vacillation of the Government of Nicholas II. The Kaiser, like Bismarck, knows no sentiment in international politics, but only substance, and, according to all present appearances, he means his troops to remain at Peking until he shall have exacted due vengeance of one kind or another for the murder of his Minister. Moreover, the beauty of the Kaiser's character is, as he assured the Burgomaster of Stettin, that he has "no misgivings as to the future." "God is with me," he exclaimed, "and I am convinced that my plan will succeed." Only we do not know exactly what that plan is, though it will probably prove better and more feasible than the vaunted "plan" with which general Trochu promised to save Paris from the clutches of the Germans. In any case there is reason to believe that the German view of the case is shared by most of the other Powers, except France, of whom it would be too much, perhaps, to expect that she should detach herself from the Russian "ally."

Figures of Two Kinds

Altogether the centre of gravity of the situation in China has lately been more at St. Petersburg than Peking, but possibly this state of things will be reversed on the arrival of Count Waldersee on the scene of action, and the Field-Marshal's presence is urgently called for there may be inferred, among other things, from the fact that there is no sign of a real abatement in the Boxer movement, and that continued massacres of foreigners are still heard of throughout the Chinese Empire. It is computed by Mr. Goodman, U.S. Consul at Shanghai, that the number of British and American missionaries' families already murdered during the rising is 93, while there is every reason to fear that 170 stationed in the provinces of Chi-li and Shan-si have met with the same fate. These numbers include women and children. It is impossible to ascertain the numbers of Catholics killed, but they include many French priests and sisters, some in the country where the Russians are fighting. Several Swedish and Danish Protestants have also been massacred.

Figures, on the other hand, of a more encouraging nature are those which, according to a German source, detail the troops that Count Waldersee will ultimately have under his command in the Far East. These will number about 90,000 men, with 282 guns. Of these Germany will contribute 15½ battalions, four squadrons, and 11 batteries, comprising about 22,000 men with 62 guns; Russia, twelve battalions, three squadrons, and three batteries—about 15,000 men, with 22 guns; England, eight battalions, four squadrons, and two batteries—about 7,300 men and 12 guns; France, 16 battalions, two squadrons, and 13 batteries—about 17,000 men, and 76 guns; Italy, two battalions and one battery—about 2,100 men, and four guns; Japan, 13 battalions, three squadrons, and 10 batteries—about 16,000 men and 58 guns; America six battalions, 14 squadrons, and eight batteries—about 10,000 men and 48 guns. Austria-Hungary will only be represented by 300 Marines. With regard to the Naval forces, there are now 153 ships and 23 torpedo-boats between Port Arthur and Singapore. Germany supplies four battleships, four large and six small cruisers, three gunboats, and one captured Chinese torpedo-boat. Three other torpedo-boats will also arrive soon. England has, naturally, the most ships and torpedo-boats, and then comes Japan, Russia, France, and Germany with about equal numbers, Japan having, however, a considerable fleet in her ports ready to leave. Much may be done to bring the Chinese to their senses with 90,000 men, 282 guns, and 153 ships of war.

Picturesque China: Views in the Yangtse Valley

By ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN

TRAVELLERS on the "Great River" of China—one of the greatest rivers of the world—usually take one of the first steamers from Shanghai as far as Hankau. They can have choice of several different lines, all British at present, but shortly to be augmented by German, Japanese, and possibly boats. This portion of the river is not particularly beautiful, interesting, and the traveller who goes no further has no idea of the true charm of the Yangtse. After two or three days Hankau is reached, and here the traveller must transship into a smaller, less comfortable steamer, in which he proceeds as far as Ichang. Here begins the true interest, with its flavour of discomfort and danger, and here the traveller, leaving behind him the comfort and civilised steamer, betakes himself to a houseboat.

The word houseboat, to the average home-staying Englishman, suggests an elegant, light-coloured erection, with flower-decorated sides, awning spread on the roof, and white-clad men and women disposing themselves. This is moored on a peaceful, gliding river to a grassy slope. Everything speaks of calm, of laziness, of *far niente*. The Chinese houseboat, or *kwatza*, lacks the dress of its English namesake, and also its air of repose. It is a sort of little wooden cottage set in the midst of a big junk. The mast runs up through the middle of the roof, and the fore-deck of the junk is free from impedimenta—no room for flower-pots or mock-chairs—for here the boatmen must stand and ply their oars, manœuvre the sail, ready at a moment's notice to seize their tow and steer the boat, or to spring on shore and begin "tracking" towing we should call it.

While the wind is favourable the *kwatza* sails comfortably along, but as the gorges of the Upper Yangtse are reached this is less the case. Strong currents are met, and the trackers must be called to work. A strong bamboo rope is attached to the forepart of the vessel, and the boatmen have each a band, which passes in a noose round their bodies, over one shoulder and under the other arm. At the end of this band is a knot, or weight, and by means of this, with a fling and a jerk—they attach their band to the large rope. I have seen the same method applied in Southern Spain in hauling in fishing nets. When difficult places are reached the boatmen by themselves are insufficient, and along the gorges are villages where men gain a living by tracking, and are hired, sometimes in dozens or even by the hundred, for a few cash each. While the bank is fairly flat there is little difficulty, but huge boulders, broken country, sometimes banks that are high and sheer, make it no light task to drag the boat along. Picture the yellow rushing waters of the Yangtse, the jagged gorge through which it winds, the rugged rocks, the long rope straining and creaking, the line of sweating, slipping, panting trackers, their muscles standing out on their brown backs, as with head bent almost to the ground they creep on inch by inch. In some of the worst parts four miles a day is not bad progress! Sometimes the rope snaps, and the boat is whirled back and carried, perhaps, several miles before it can be stopped, and the trackers start anew. To the creaking of the rope, the wash of the water, and the constant cries of the boatmen, is added the *ton-tem* of a little drum, beaten on board to keep the boatmen in time, or to tell them when to slack or pull harder.

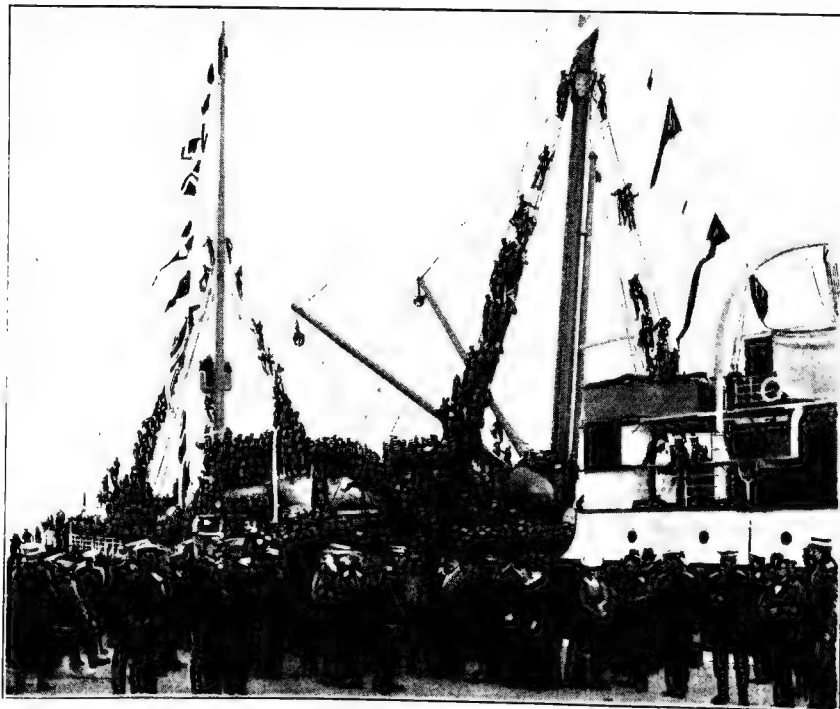
The river, as it approaches the Ichang gorges, narrows from three-quarters of a mile or so to 300 or 400 yards. The banks are perpendicular rocks, too steep to allow of tracking, so unless the wind is favourable the boat must be worked with oars and by means of clawing along the limestone rocks with foothooks. The peaks on either side rise sometimes as high as 3,000 feet, and some are bleached white, presenting a dazzling effect in the sunlight. Here and there are clefts in the rocks, or the banks flatten out into gentle slopes, and these are dotted with little Chinese farms.

One of the worst rapids on the Yangtse is the Chin-t'an, or New Rapid, caused by an immense landslip which occurred several years ago and carried almost a whole village along with it. The channel of the river has been quite altered here, and the whirlpools in parts caused by submerged rocks are very dangerous and require skilful steering. Special pilots are engaged to navigate the

Upper Yangtse, and these must know the river during every season of the year, for it varies considerably. The rise and fall and change of current are so frequent that the river may be said to change not only yearly but monthly and daily. The number of junks annually wrecked is very great, and remains of these are to be seen strewn along the banks.

Between the gorges and Chungking, the town of the province of Szechuan, the country is out on either side of the river, and some rich beautiful hill scenery is passed. Farms and villages cluster, surrounded by groves of bamboo and other crops of corn, tobacco, tea, and sugar surround them, fruit trees flourish, and patches of scarlet show where the poppy yields its harvest of opium. These peaceful, pastoral scenes are occasionally when the traveller comes across a mining village. Coal-begrimed figures stream in and out of the mountain side, where they burrow like rabbits, bringing out the coal to be stowed in huge masses and shipped to the nearest town.

Here and there the river passes through a town where may be seen such a view as that shown in the accompanying photograph taken at Wanhsien. Chinese washerwomen pound their clothes on stones, as is done on the Continent in Europe, a method more suited to the stout cottons they wear themselves than to the delicate fabrics of Western Europe. Numbers of pagodas, distinguishable by their yellow pointed roofs, are seen in Szechuan, sometimes crowning a hill, dominating a village, or on the edge of a cliff. Rich and populous Szechuan is the premier province of China. Its beauty, fertility and interest it can hold its own with any quarter of the globe.



The Darmstadt, a fine vessel of over 5,000 tons, belonging to the North German Lloyd, left Bremen on August 31 with the latest contingent of the German Volunteer Force for the Far East.

OFF TO CHINA: GERMAN TROOPS EMBARKING AT BREMENHAVEN

The Theatres

BY W. MOY THOMAS

"JULIUS CÆSAR"

to bestow adequate praise upon the splendid Tree's revival of *Julius Cæsar* without appearing as if one of those productions which owe their lavish expenditure upon scenery and costumes, who was fortunate enough to witness the revival so given at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre nearly three sily fall into this error. The stately views of old common with the costumes, were produced under Sir Alma Tadema, were indeed, as they still are, illusion, and the pains that had been taken to give are-queeness to the crowded scenes in the Capitol, plains of Philippi are worthy of the highest praise ; this success of the revival due in the main to the acting. Assuredly no Mark Antony has within living playgoers impressed the imagination of ly as the Mark Antony of Mr. Tree ; nor has and complex charater of Brutus had, on the successful exponent than Mr. Lewis Waller. he present revival presents some changes as the earlier one. The lamented death of Mr. ay, the Canadian actor, has rendered it necessary representative of Cassius, who has been found ang actor Mr. Taber. Other changes are due to the nal performers are now engaged elsewhere ; for, with in theatricals, we have not yet established a theatre company, whence it is that the cast of each always composed to some extent of new recruits. Fulton is succeeded in the part of Cæsar by Mr. who, if he does not remind us of the lean and the first of the Roman Emperors, as seen in the well-known in the British Museum, has a stately bearing, a the voice, and an excellent method of elocution. Miss Evelyn Maffei, the public knows, has recently married, and, though ; frankly re- for good, has left the stage ; hence the part of Livia is trans- to that graceful and tender actress Miss Lena Ashwell ; while Mrs. Tree, resigning the little part of Lucius, together with the song and lute accompaniment to Miss Ruby Lane, succeeds Miss Lily Hanbury in the more important character of Calphurnia. To these we must add for completeness sake that Mr. Beveridge takes the place of Mr. Louis Calvert as Casca, and Mr. Gerald Lawrence that of Mr. Alexander Calvert as Octavius Cæsar.

"COLONEL CROMWELL"

An "underplot" is, I believe, considered by the experienced playwright an indispensable feature in a historical play; but an underplot should be deftly interwoven with the main thread of interest, and clearly it should not hinder, but rather help forward the story towards its *dénouement*. Any one who bears these simple canons of the playwright's art in mind may easily understand why Messrs. Paterson and Cartwright's play at the GLOBE Theatre failed on Tuesday evening to awaken more than a feeble interest, and finally provoked some audible expressions of dissatisfaction. In *Grand Captivity* we have the customary plot and underplot, but which is which it is not always easy to determine. It would, perhaps, be more correct to say that the authors have two plots. No doubt the original idea was to set forth the story of the "star-crossed lovers" Rachael Fullerton, the Puritan maiden, and Lieutenant Ralph Duggerfield, who, though he has Royalist connections, has taken service as an officer in the Colonel's regiment. The persecution of these twain by Captain Capell, a crafty and designing rival candidate for Rachael's love, favoured by Rachael's sour Puritan guardian, the Reverend Isaac Hepworth, does, indeed, occupy much space both in the play and in Mr. Paterson's novel on which it is founded, and many

are the perils that environ Rachael and the escapes of Dangerfield from the clutches of their enemies, who contrive, on one occasion, to bring about the hero's condemnation by a Court-martial. But side by side with this is not a less elaborate story relating to the siege of Stainsby House, a lost despatch and a long-drawn-out duel of wits between Cromwell and the traitor, Lord Willoughby. Very little, however, have the star-crossed lovers to do with these proceedings beyond the fact that Rachael happens to be Cromwell's niece, and that the affair of the purloined despatch serves the convenient purpose of keeping Cromwell at home in readiness when he is wanted to get the impulsive Dangerfield out of a scrape. There are some exciting situations in the play, but they are little more than conventionalities of melodrama. The acting is more deserving of praise. Mr. Cartwright's Cromwell suffers, it is true, some loss of dignity from the actor's odd habit of imparting to his utterances a monotonous kind of intonation. Miss Suzanne Shelton's Rachael is pretty and touching; Miss Edith Cartwright's Betty Cromwell is inspired by an agreeable vivacity, and Miss Talbot's Mrs. Cromwell has the excellent quality of distinction. To these we may add that Mr. Shelton's Puritan soldier amuses the audience, and Mr. Dawson Millward makes the most of the chivalrous attributes of Lieutenant Dangerfield.

Burning the Water

By R. B. MARSTON

“BURNING the water,” or, in other words, spearing salmon and other fish at night by the light of torches, was formerly a favourite and legitimate method of fishing on the Tweed and many other North Country rivers, and although long ago made illegal by Act of Parliament is by no means a lost art in some of the wilder districts of the Border country. Scrope, in his delightful “Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing,” tells of over a hundred fish, great and small, whiting, bull-trout and salmon killed in one night’s burning of the Tweed at which he assisted, Sir Walter Scott directing the operations, for the “Master” was a keen lover of the exciting sport. On the Tweed itself “leistering” was generally done from a boat, the water being too deep for wading, but in the narrow, rocky channels of the smaller streams the spearmen waded into the water, holding a torch in one hand and the deadly “leister” in the other as so vigorously depicted by the artist.

As will be seen from the illustration the salmon spear—"waster" or "leister," as it is called—has five prongs, with one barb to each prong, fastened to a pole about sixteen feet in length. "In striking a salmon the leister," says Scrope, "should not be held firm in the grasp, but sent loosely through the hand, as its own weight in falling will be more effective than any force you can give it with a thrust. You may think otherwise, perhaps. But what happens? The water proves deeper than you had calculated upon, and, not touching the bottom with your spear as a support, in you go, your head taking the lead, and the rest of your members following the playful example." The salmon, dazed by the glare of the torches, lie still behind rocks and stones, and the spear is launched so as to strike the fish over the shoulders as nearly as possible. When struck he is held to the ground for a moment or two, the hands are then slid down the pole as far as possible towards the fish, which is then lifted head uppermost, so that any exertion he makes with his tail only helps to bring him to the surface. Spearing salmon in this way was also done on bright, still, sunny days, and was called "sunning."

In his account of the night's spearing operations Scrope tells an amusing story of how Sir Walter Scott reproved one of his men who had got "foo" the day before and was unable to be present. The man, Tom Purdie by name, had explained very carefully that it was only three whiskies he had had. After thinning some trees in the woods which Sir Walter marked, the Master said, in Tom's words :—

“ ‘Now, Tom,’ says he, ‘you will go home with me, for you have been working very hard, and a glass of whisky will do you good’ ;

Lord Ampthill

THE QUEEN has been pleased to approve the appointment of



LORD AMPHILL
New Governor of Madras

The appointment of Lord Amthill to be Governor of Madras, in succession to Sir Arthur Havelock, G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., who retires at the end of the year. Oliver Arthur Villiers Russell, second Baron Amthill, is the son of the first Baron, and was born in 1860. He was educated at Eton and New College, Oxford. He rowed in the Eton Eight in 1886, 1887, and 1888, being captain in the last two years. On going to Oxford he rowed for three years in the University Eight (1888-91), and was President of O.U.B.C.

in 1891. He also won the Silver Goblets at Henley with Guy Nickalls in 1890, and again in 1891. He contested Fulham in the L.C.C. Election in 1895 as a Moderate, and in that year he became private secretary to Mr. Chamberlain. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

The Late Mr. Grattan Geary

MR. GRATTAN GEARY, editor and proprietor of the *Bombay Gazette*, whose death



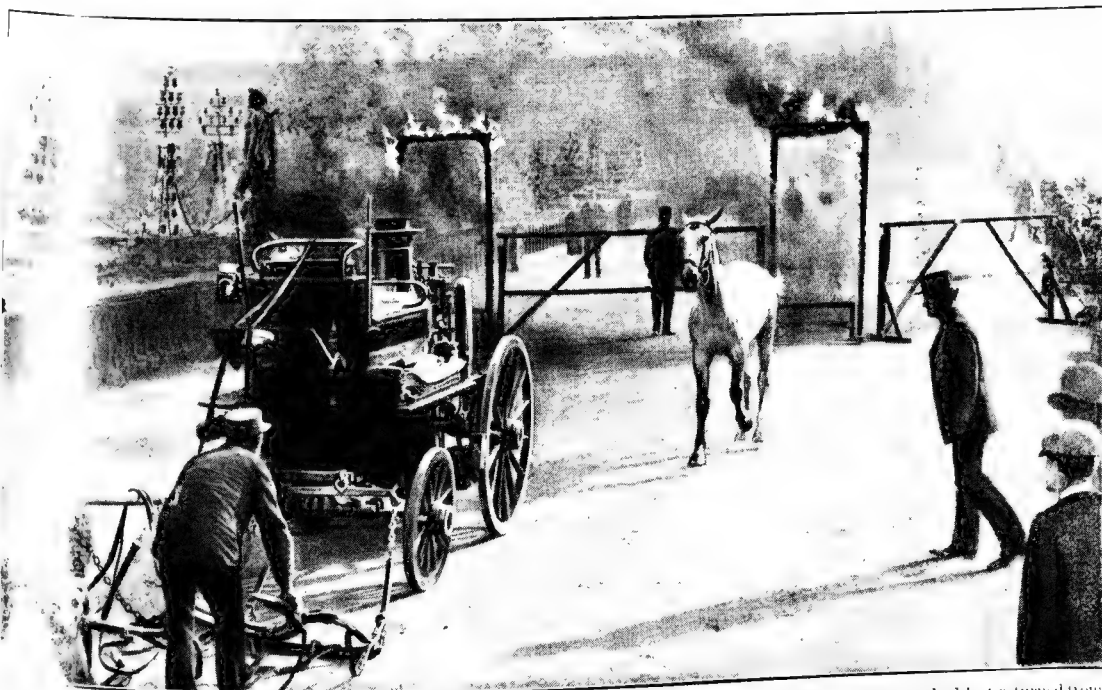
THE LATE MR. GRATTAN GEARY
A distinguished Anglo-Indian

A Million in Charity

THE *Golden Penny* this week contains a very interesting chat with the Lord Mayor's secretary, Mr. Soulsby, from which we learn that for the first time in history a Mansion House Fund has reached 1,000,000*l.*—more than double the amount of any other fund that has ever been raised by the Lord Mayors for charitable purposes. The Mansion House War Fund was opened on October 25 last, and at the moment of writing has reached the grand total of 1,000,952*l.* In ten months, therefore, money has poured into the Mansion House for the widows and orphans of our brave soldiers who have fallen at the war, as well as for the benefit of the wounded, at the rate of 100,000*l.* a month. Over two hundred single sums ranging from 500*l.* to 1,000*l.* have been received by the Lord Mayor for the relief of the sutlers in the South African Campaign from private individuals and firms. Her Majesty acknowledged the fund with a donation of 1,000*l.*, the Governor and Company of the Bank of England gave 5,000*l.*; while the Stock Exchange contributed the magnificent sum of 34,715*l.* 15*s.*

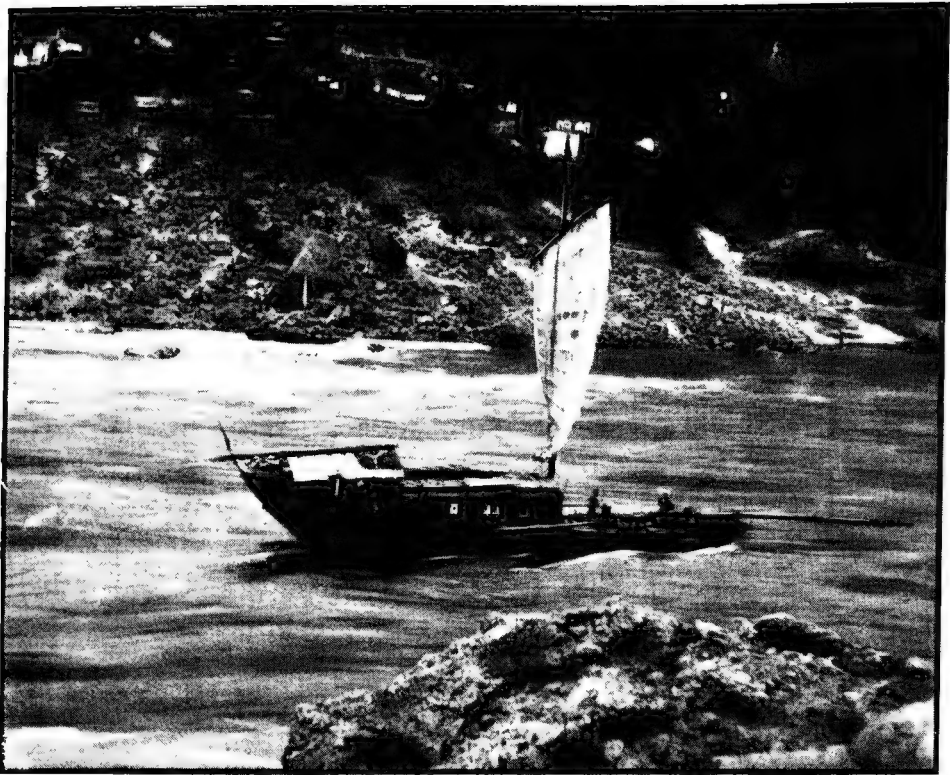
Over 100,000*l.* of the million has been received from the churches and chapels of the country. The church collections in response to the Queen's letter, requesting ministers to solicit from their congregations donations for the fund, reached the grand sum of 80,000*l.* Some of the collections in the fashionable churches were phenomenal. The three highest collections were: the New West End Synagogue, 502*l.*; West London Synagogue, 601*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; and Christ's Church, Lancaster Gate, 425*l.* 5*s.* 9*d.*

When questioned as to the cost of working such a fund, Mr. Soulsby assured the writer that it would not exceed 1% per cent.



Postals Pe'ace, the Kansas City Fire Brigade has been giving a remarkable exhibition of their skill. The team had just returned from London and gave this display at the Crystal Palace on their way home. They brought their own horses and harness, and having sent the other appliances back to America, they used a Merryweather engine. The principal part of the performance was done by the two horses, one on the ground with two men standing near it. The horses were turned loose, sometimes in front of the engine, sometimes behind it, and they were made straight for their proper positions at the engine directly they heard the fire-alarm sounded on a bugle. They were put in their way. These took the form of burning hurdles and arches. The horses jumped the hurdles and ran through the arches, hesitating for the fraction of a second. In every case when the horses came up to the engine they were harnessed and everything was started. To finish with the horses were taken behind the engine, and at the fire-alarm they ran to their harness, the men got up, and 200 yards, connected the hose, and had water playing on an imaginary fire, in thirty-five seconds. Our photograph is by Russell

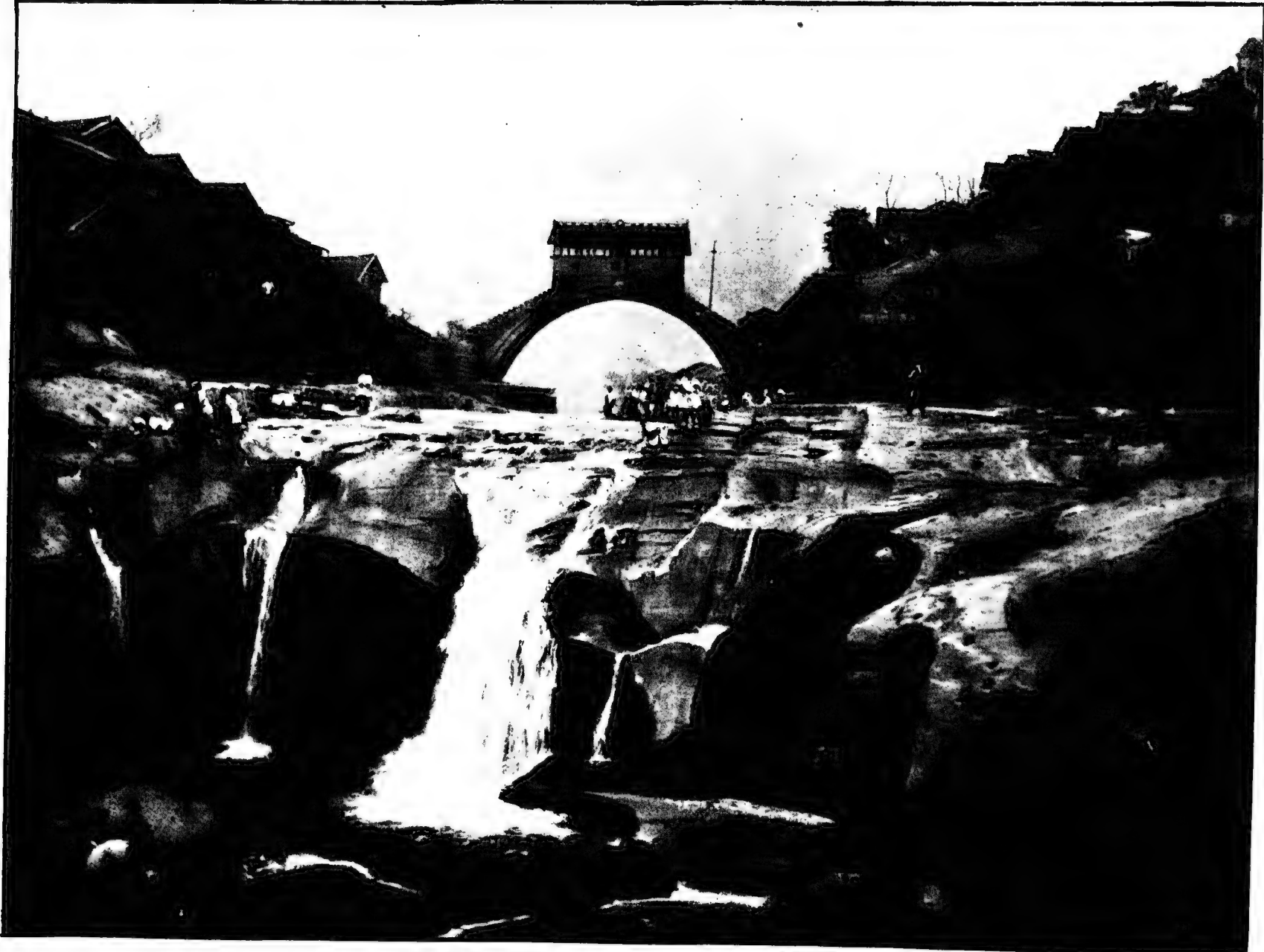
A REMARKABLE EXHIBITION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE



A HOUSEBOAT IN THE MIDDLE RAPID, CHIN-T'AN (HUPEH)



THE TOP OF A PAGODA, FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE AT SHI-PAO-SHIH, SZECHUEN



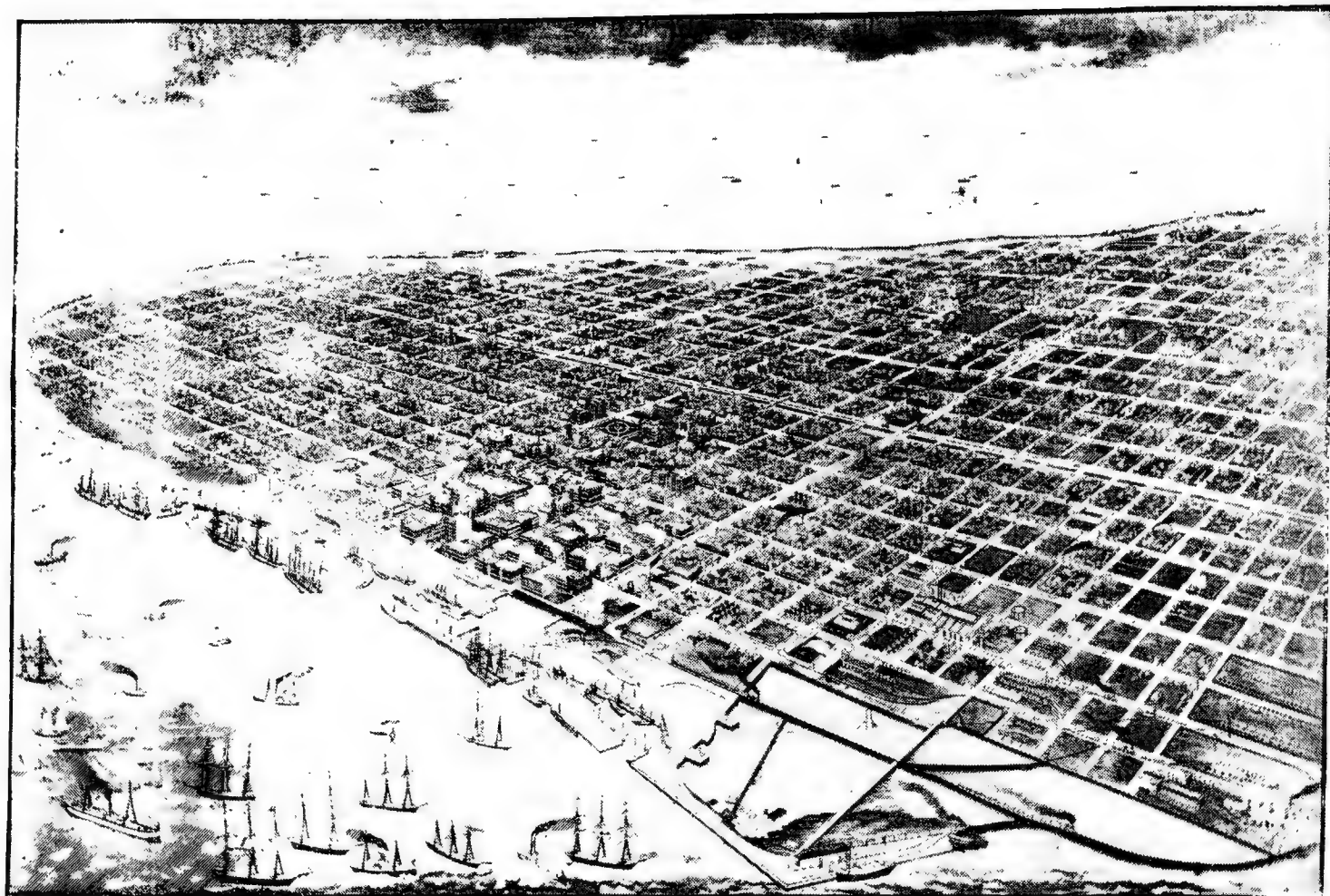
THE BRIDGE AT WANHIEN, SZECHUEN: WOMEN WASHING
PICTURESQUE CHINA: VIEWS IN THE YANGTSE VALLEY

From Photographs by Dr. R. Lockhart Jack



SALMON SPEARING IN THE HIGHLANDS

DRAWN BY A. G. SMALL



A hurricane of unprecedented violence burst over the city of Galveston and the neighbourhood on Saturday last. The towns were flooded, and thousands of buildings were utterly wrecked. The wind first came from the north, in direct opposition to the tempest in the gulf. While the storm in the gulf piled the water on the beach side of the city, the land wind cast the water in Galveston Bay on to the bay side of the city. In the city of Galveston alone it is thought that from 1,000 to 1,500 persons have perished, while in the whole State of Texas the death-roll is variously computed at from 2,500 to 5,000. In all probability, however, the total number of casualties will never be known, because many of the unfortunate inhabitants must have been swept out to sea by the floods which inundated the towns. The damage to property amounts to many millions sterling, and as Galveston is a centre of the cotton trade, the disaster will be widely felt, especially in Lancashire.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF GALVESTON, TEXAS, LAID IN RUINS BY A HURRICANE



DESIGN BY E. DE HAENSEN

A Correspondent writes: "In many of the Natal farms are to be seen the graves of soldiers who have fallen in battle. Over them in most cases crosses have been placed at the head of the heaps of stones that

mark the graves

and flowers." It is no uncommon sight to see women of the district decking the graves with wreaths

FROM A SKETCH BY H. LEA

HONOURING FALLEN HEROES: A SCENE IN A FARM IN NORTHERN NATAL

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SIZES.	PRICES.	SIZES.	PRICES.
11 ft. 6 in. by 11 ft. 6 in.	£ 8 0 0	11 ft. 6 in. by 11 ft. 6 in.	£ 8 0 0
13 ft. 6 in. by 11 ft. 6 in.	£ 10 0 0	13 ft. 6 in. by 11 ft. 6 in.	£ 10 0 0
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11 ft. 6 in. by 15 ft. 6 in.	£ 12 0 0	11 ft. 6 in. by 15 ft. 6 in.	£ 12 0 0
13 ft. 6 in. by 15 ft. 6 in.	£ 14 0 0	13 ft. 6 in. by 15 ft. 6 in.	£ 14 0 0

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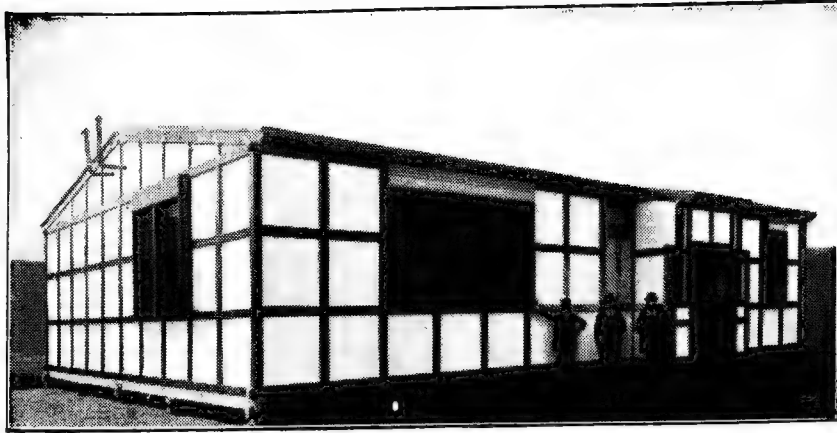
SIZES.	PRICES.	SIZES.	PRICES.
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A GERMAN CORRESPONDENT writes:—Among the various equipments for the China Expedition, the camp-house for the use of the Commander-in-chief, Field-Marshal Count Waldersee, in the campaign, built to the order of the German War Office by the *Asbestund Gummiwerke Alfred Calmon Aktiengesellschaft, Hamburg*, is one of the most interesting. The house, which is constructed of asbestos slate, covers an area of 210 square metres, with a frontage of seventeen metres; the height is five metres. It contains seven large rooms, three in the front and four at the back. On entering the house a visitor finds himself in the reception-room, on the right of which is a room for two orderlies, and on the left the Field-Marshal's workroom. Behind the latter is his bedroom, dressing and bathroom, the bedroom of the Field-Marshal's adjutant, and a sitting-room. The rooms are furnished throughout after the style of the cabins of the large Transatlantic steamers. The building has a framework of wood, the spaces being filled up with asbestos slates forty inches square. The roof consists of asbestos slates laid diagonally. This slate is said to be fire and water proof, and owing to its excellent insulating



THE EXTERIOR

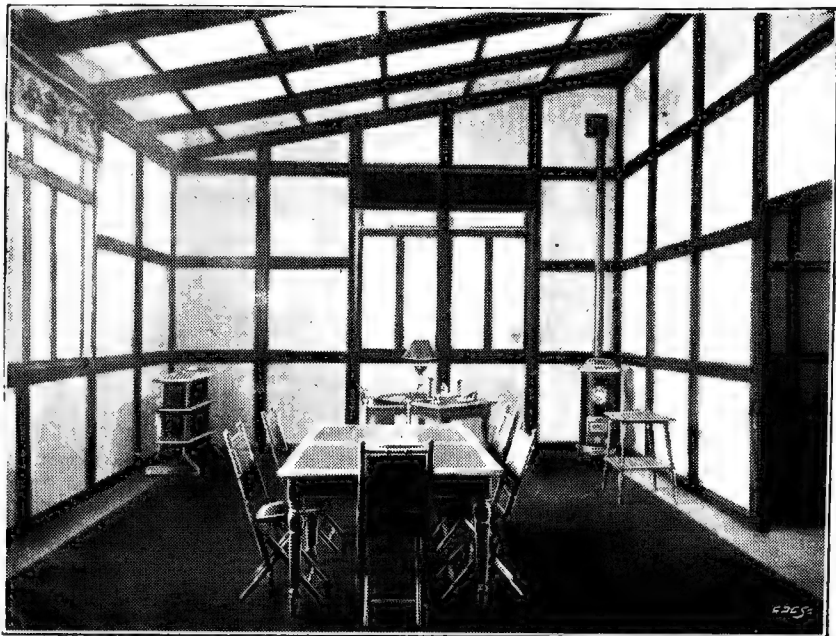
properties it is affected neither by heat nor cold. For transport the asbestos house is taken to pieces and packed in cases. At the trials in Hamburg and Bremerhaven the house was taken to pieces in less than two and a half hours, and erected in about eight hours. Our photographs are by Hans Breuer, Hamburg.

goodness of heart and absence of affectation. There is no colour, it is true, about the story—the identification of a vagabond, reputedly an ex-pirate, and present "orra" man, a lost nephew of his employer would be just as unlikely anywhere else, and connoisseurs in mystery will complain that there was

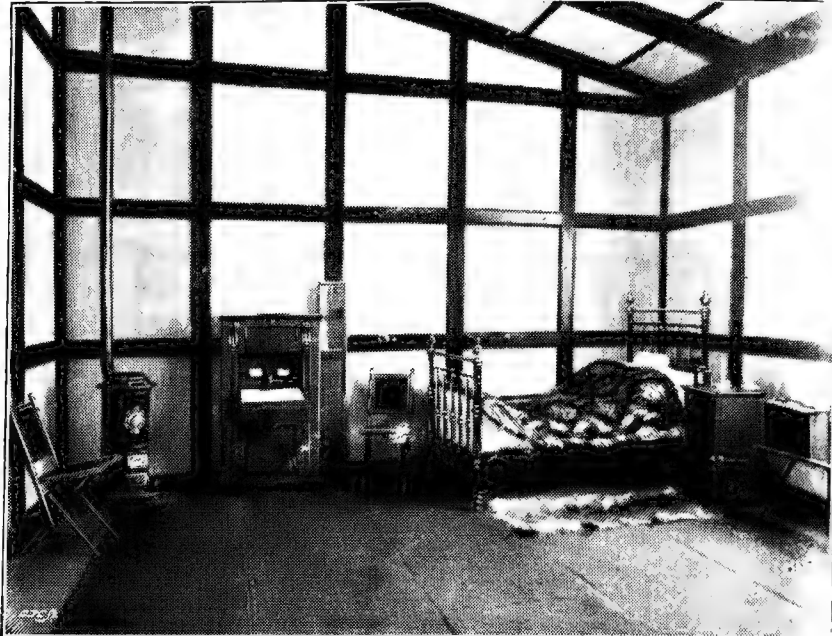
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"THE MYSTERY OF MUNCRAIG"

MR. ROBERT JAMES MUIR is a bold man. He has made a raid into Galloway, where, as the world knows, Mr. Crockett holds paramount by right of pen—or by might the for in the politics of letters, if nowhere might and right are one. For which Mr. Robert James Muir is a raider reckoned with. His "Mystery of Muncraig: A Story of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright" (T. Fisher Unwin) is not only a fine piece of landscape, all the stronger for not being over-coloured, it depicts the humbler folk of the district in a way that would render a native *plébiscite* in favour of Mr. Muir a foregone conclusion. The kitchen of Mr. Brown of Muncraig is a symposium of philosophers and humorists, whose philosophy and humor are all the deeper and the brighter for a union with colour, it is true, about the story—the identification of a vagabond, reputedly an ex-pirate, and present "orra" man, a lost nephew of his employer would be just as unlikely anywhere else, and connoisseurs in mystery will complain that there was



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no mystery at all—at least none worth mentioning. But, once more, the characters are capital, and their talk is worthy of them, they are the best of company all round.

"THE GODDESS A DEMON"

Mr. Richard Marsh, when he wrote "The Goddess a Demon" (F. V. White and Co.), evidently made up his mind to go one better than Poe's story of the murders in the Rue Morgue—to which, by the way, one of his characters refers. Not that a previous acquaintance with the earlier work will be of the slightest assistance in helping the amateur detective to guess at the nature of Mr. Marsh's murder. For the rest, its combination of ghastliness and ingenuity is completely in harmony with the methods of the Master, of whom its conception is by no means unworthy. In producing the requisite reality of effect he is less successful; he is without Poe's appreciation of the value of little details, and of the still greater value of the art of omission. It is something, however, that such a comparison should be favourably suggested—much too favourably for us to risk spoiling the effect of Mr. Marsh's mystery by giving its key even the fraction of a turn.

"THE BELLE OF TOORAK"

A very attractive and entertaining addition to Mr. E. W. Hornung's rapidly growing list of Australian tales is "The Belle of Toorak" (Grant Richards). Its plot is little more than an anecdote of bush life; the story of how the course of true love was troubled—though never so far as to give a reader of experience any serious anxiety—by the sonship of that exceedingly fine fellow, its hero, to the most famous bushranger of the time. The result is a triple secret; from the hero at the hands of a ruffianly inspector; from the heroine at the hands of the hero; and from the reader at the hands of Mr. Hornung. We will leave the four to work it out among them, amid the rough and vigorous conditions of a life which the author knows so well how to portray.

"COMRADES TRUE"

Annie Thomas's (Mrs. Pender Cudlip's) "Comrades True" (Chatto and Windus) are three—Lord Errol; Guy Stanley, a war-correspondent; and Jock, a fox-terrier. Of these, Guy starts what can only be compared to the progress of a darning-needle as it travels in and out along its line. He falls in love with Stella Bircham, but marries Nurse Walsh. Stella falls in love with Guy, but engages herself to Captain Bentick. Captain Bentick, without disengaging himself from Stella, engages himself to Kathleen Devoran. Kathleen Devoran engages herself to Larry Tooney. Larry Tooney engages himself to Miss O'Shea; and Miss O'Shea marries Lord Tanton. Then begin the black-stitches. Larry Tooney marries Kathleen Devoran; and Stella brings the needle back to its starting point, Nurse Walsh having considerably died. The only dropped stitch is represented by Captain Bentick, who marries nobody—which serves him right for having been engaged to two young women at the same time. Meanwhile, Lord Errol has been at some cross-work by falling in love with Stella's sister, who has a husband, who has a mistress; but this business also works comfortably backward. There remains Jock—but he is sufficiently well occupied in giving his paw and wagging his tail. Mrs. Cudlip's readers will require no words of ours to direct them to any story from her pen. We should add that the novel is thoroughly up to date; indeed, it is a question whether it is good economy on the part of a novelist to use up the Boer War before it is out of the papers. But we live, and write, in hurried times.

A Famous Indian College

On September 13, 1800, died Major-General Claude Martin, whose career is full of romance. He was the son of a cooper, and was born at Lyons on January 4, 1735. His education was of a very elementary kind, but being endowed with considerable natural intelligence and perseverance he was able, almost unaided, to acquire a sound knowledge of mathematics, physics, and drawing. The original archives of Lyons and Pondicherry show that he embarked



MAJOR-GENERAL CLAUDE MARTIN
Founder of the Martinière College, Lucknow

for the East on September 18, 1751, and arrived at Pondicherry in 1752. After this he became a dragoon in the bodyguard of the Governors; and later served in a company of dragoons under Bussy in 1758, in which year he joined the Regiment of the Grenadiers of Lorraine as a non-commissioned officer under Count Lally de Tollendal, almost immediately after the arrival of that officer in India. The Regiment of Lorraine bore the brunt of the battle at the taking of Gudalur and Fort St. David, and in the capture of Blacktown and the siege of Fort St. George at Madras. At Wandewash, in January, 1760, under Lally and Bussy, they were defeated by Eyre Coote. By this defeat a decisive blow was struck at the French power in India; and the regiment was under Lally in Pondicherry from the investment of that town in September, 1760, to January 15, 1761, the date of its unconditional surrender to Eyre Coote. Later we find that "M. Claude Martin, who had formerly served in the Lorraine Regiment," took service in the army of the Honourable East India Company, and from his own fellow-countrymen raised a Company of Chasseurs which was placed under his command. The regiment was afterwards disbanded owing to the mutinous conduct of the men.

In 1765 Martin, still a lieutenant H.F.I.C.S., commanded a squadron of cavalry in Oudh. In 1765 Shujah-ud-Daula very sensibly decided that it would be well to cast in his lot with the English, and Claude Martin was sent by the Company to survey portions of Oudh. Whilst employed in this duty he resided chiefly in Lucknow, and the Nawab Vizier formed so high an opinion of his ability that he sought and obtained from the Governor and Council at Calcutta sanction for the appointment of Martin as Superintendent of his park of artillery and arsenal. At length Martin became the Secret Adviser of the Nawab Vizier, and played a considerable part in financing him.

Martin became rich and built the remarkable palace which bears his name. To the end of his life General Martin, though the

adviser of the Vizier, was an Officer of the East India Company and rendered that Company excellent service. At the end of the war with Tippoo Sultan, in 1799, he presented to the Company at his own expense with a number of fine horses to mount a troop of cavalry. He himself was present at the capture of Seringapatam in 1799, but the exertion was probably too much for a man of his years, for he died in the following September 13, 1800, and he was buried in the vaults of his house which is now the college. Amongst the charities mentioned in the endowments for his schools at Lucknow, Calcutta, and which greatly increased in value before the schools were instituted. The provision in the will for the Lucknow school contained in the 32nd article in these terms:—"Men are to be for the care of my tomb and the College two men to learn English at the pay of eighty rupees per month." The beginning has grown up the present school with its staff of masters or assistant-masters, including five graduates from English Universities; with 250 boys in readiness for admission; the resident pupils including eighty on the four educated, clothed, and fed, in fact fully provided for out of funds left by the Founder.

The Martinière, as the school is called, is one of the Foundations amongst European schools in India. Both boys and girls had their part to play in the Mutiny, 1857. Martinière was at one time held by the rebels, at another it was headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Colin Campbell; there was a great deal of fighting in and round it both in November 1857, and again in March, 1858, when Sir Colin returned to crush the rebels and pacify the province. The Martinière boys and their masters helped to defend the Residency, holding the place which is still marked by a marble slab bearing the inscription "The Martinière Post."

The present Principal of the College is Mr. T. G. Sykes, who has held the post for twenty years, and has done much in making it the successful and flourishing institution it now is.

Books of Reference

THE number of newspaper directories is rapidly increasing, the latest arrival being "The Handy Newspaper List" (C. and E. Layton). The little book is admirably arranged, and is not encumbered with too many advertisements.—"The Tribune Review" (Robinson Printing Company) compiled by T. Fitz-Evan Eversley, will be welcome as a useful addition to the literature regarding the island. It now appears for the second year. It contains a large amount of information—historical, geographical, commercial, and official—well classified, and is illustrated with maps and photographs.—"The Health Resorts of Europe" (Henry Kimpton), by Thomas Linn, M.D., is a guide to the mineral springs, climatic mountain and seaside resorts, and earth, air, and other cures. The fact that it is now published for its eighth successive year is the best evidence of the value of the book.—"Farnham and its Surroundings" (St. Bride's Press) is one of the Homeland Handbooks. It is written and illustrated by Gordon Home, and contains an introduction by "Edna Lyall." Londoners ought to appreciate a volume which introduces them to such a delightful district only forty miles away.

'What do we live for, if not to Make Life less difficult for each other.'—GEORGE ELIOT.

"We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill!

We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still."

And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.—WHITTIER.

LIGHT WHEN THOU ELSE WERT BLIND!

SYMPATHY!—Strength When Life's Surges Rudest Roll.

SOMETHING APPALLING!! MALARIAL FEVER!

'WHAT is TEN THOUSAND TIMES MORE TERRIBLE than REVOLUTION or WAR? OUTRAGED NATURE! SHE KILLS, AND KILLS, and is NEVER TIRED of KILLING, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn—that NATURE is ONLY CONQUERED by OBEYING HER. MAN has his COURTESIES in REVOLUTION and WAR. He spares the WOMAN and CHILD. But NATURE is FIERCE WHEN SHE IS OFFENDED; she SPARES NEITHER WOMAN NOR CHILD. SHE has NO PITY, for some AWFUL, but MOST GOOD REASON.'—KINGSLEY.

'FOUR MILLION PERSONS DIE ANNUALLY of FEVER, PRINCIPALLY MALARIAL, IN BRITISH INDIA, and if we take into consideration the numerous other dependencies situated in such UNLOVABLE PLACES AS THE GOLD COAST, the STRAITS SETTLEMENTS, NEW GUINEA, BRITISH GUIANA, HONDURAS, and the WEST INDIES, the TOTAL POPULATION struck down YEAR by YEAR by MORE or LESS PREVENTIBLE fever must be SOMETHING APPALLING.'—Observer.

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Palace of Prince Royal, Athens.
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SPARTA

requires six bottles of Edwards' "Harlene" for the Hair sent by express parcels post.

Esterhaza, Uteza, 30, Buda-Pesth.
H.R.H. PRINCESS HOHENLOHE

writes: Please send me three bottles of Edwards' "Harlene" for the Hair by return.

Canea, Crete.
H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE

HIGH COMMISSIONER OF CRETE, writes: Please forward three bottles of "Harlene" for the Hair at once.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF SPARTA
writes: I enclose cheque in settlement of account for "Harlene."

Gonoblitz, Styria, Austria.
H.H. PRINCESS WINDISCHGRAETZ
wishes three bottles of "Harlene" sent at once.

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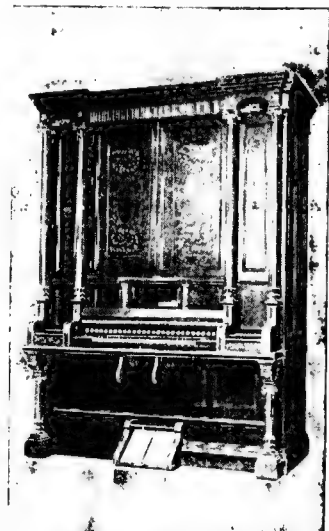
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10. That our best schools are regularly adopting it as a pedagogical aid?
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13 VARIETIES.

SOUP SQUARES

The Hereford Triennial Festival

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE Hereford Musical Festival, which has taken place this week, is the 177th meeting of the Three Choirs, and thus it is one of the oldest of our Provincial musical institutions. The Gentlemen's Concerts, Manchester, are, no doubt, older; while the Festivals of the Sons of the Clergy date back at least to 1709. The Three Choirs' Festivals, however, were certainly in existence when the Rev. Dr. Bisse, Chancellor of Hereford, preached a memorable sermon in the course of a Meeting of the Three Choirs in 1724. Exactly twenty-five years ago the Festivals were threatened with dissolution, thanks to the objection of the clergy to the performance of oratorios in church. But the Festival of 1875, at which neither orchestra nor principal vocalists were engaged, attracted as to its first performance only sixty people, and the "Mourning" Festival was, therefore, doomed. Of late, a succession of young organists have greatly improved the Festivals; and this year, for the first time for a considerable period, Dr. Robertson Sinclair has so arranged that the whole of the chorus is drawn from the Three Festival Cities, of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester; outside aid, whether from Bristol or Leeds, being entirely dispensed with. This is an experiment, but one which well deserves to succeed. In order that the programmes should, as far as possible, be efficiently prepared, Dr. Sinclair has, as we understand, conducted no fewer than fifty-seven rehearsals. The general programmes included two or three symphonies, the first portion of Haydn's *Creation*, the *Dixit Dominus* in C of Leonardo Leo, a lengthy selection from *Parsifal* (including the "Good Friday" music and the whole of the "Grail" scene from the finale to the first act), Beethoven's Choral Symphony, Bach's Cantata "God goeth up with shouting," Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, and, of course, *Messiah* and *Elijah*, the receipts of which go far to pay expenses of the Festival. Exceptionally, too, the Festival this year commenced with a special "patriotic" performance, in recognition of our victories in South Africa, and in lament for those who lost their lives there. This programme, besides Verdi's *Requiem*, included a new choral song, *Last Post*, by Dr. Villiers Stanford, and a Thanksgiving *Te Deum*, specially composed for this Festival by Sir Hubert Parry.

SIR HUBERT PARRY'S "TE DEUM"

Sir Hubert Parry has elected to set his music to the old Latin version of the *Te Deum*, instead of to the English words collated by Archbishop Cranmer, and rendered so familiar to us by the Prayer-book. It is a pity, for perhaps not one person in fifty (unless he be a Roman Catholic) knows or cares anything for the Latin edition of the *Te Deum*. Nevertheless, Sir Hubert Parry's latest Festival contribution will, we think, be considered one of the finest of his greater compositions. His *De Profundis*, which, we are glad to see, is to be revived at the Birmingham Festival, was one of the most masterly things that the present generation of native composers have given us. But the *Te Deum*, for sound musicianship, for loftiness of idea, and for deep impressiveness, is almost the equal of the *De Profundis*, while the text has naturally afforded Sir Hubert Parry a far greater opportunity of musical variety and contrast. We do not now propose to analyse the *Te Deum*, and, indeed, so elaborate a work would need much space and expenditure of music type. But rapidly running through it the

attention is arrested by the fugal opening, by the prayerful solo and chorus at the words "Holy, Holy," another short fugue at the words "Heaven and earth are full of Thy Glory" (we purposely quote the English version), the soprano solo and chorus at "The glorious company of the Apostles," the magnificent "We believe that they shall come," the bass solo with male chorus, "Save Thy people," the female chorus, so graceful and strikingly effective, at the words "Day by Day," the effective touch at the words "Have mercy upon us," and lastly, the finale, one of the greatest pieces of contrapuntal writing which even Sir Hubert Parry has yet given us. The chief vocalists announced for this work were Mesdames Ella Russell, Nicholls and Muriel Foster, and Mr. Andrew Black.

DR. STANFORD'S "LAST POST"

The *Last Post*—a reference, of course, to the well-known military bugle call, which betokens at once the close of the day and the end of a soldier's life—is set to certain patriotic words by Mr. W. E. Henley. The work is exclusively for chorus, and it is one of those examples of effective choral descriptive writing which Dr. Stanford has so often given us. There is a capital march movement, and great use is made of the bugle call of the "Last Post," with which indeed the piece opens, and which permeates it till the end of the poem. The work is short, but it is almost bound to prove highly successful, particularly among our choral societies, who are ever on the look out for brief, not too difficult, but certainly effective compositions of this character.

PROFESSOR PARKER'S "WANDERER'S PSALM"

Mr. Horatio Parker, Professor of Music at Yale University, last year conducted at the Worcester Musical Festival his setting of the old rhythm, *Hora Novissima*. This, however, was comparatively an old work, but it proved so successful that Mr. Parker was easily persuaded to compose an entirely new work for the present Hereford Festival. It proved to be a setting of Psalm 107, and Professor Parker has entitled it *A Wanderer's Psalm*, with, as a sub-title, *Cantus Peregrinus*. The *Tonus Peregrinus*, an irregular Gregorian tone, serves, indeed, as the motto theme of the work; it being employed throughout as a "Wanderer's" motive whenever any idea of wandering occurs. The *Tonus Peregrinus*, it may here be mentioned, is usually associated in the Plain Song of the Church with the Psalm *In exitu Israel*, and according to the advanced Gregorians, it was precisely to this tune (or at any rate to the germs of it) that the disciples chanted the "Hallel," a group of Psalms, after the eating of the Last Supper, and before our Lord and His Disciples proceeded to the Mount of Olives. Whether this be so or no, the melody is beyond question a very ancient one; and in Dr. Parker's Psalm it is employed most impressively. There are also two other motives, one suggestive of praise and the other of prayer, the latter employed, for example, when the words occur, "So then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble." Professor Parker has not attempted any special choral difficulties; and although he once or twice starts a fugue, it is never very elaborately developed. Perhaps the best features of the Psalm are the short fugue at the words, "For He hath broken the gates of brass," a fine bass solo and chorus, "They that go down to the sea in ships," the realistic passages of the words, "They stagger like a drunken man," the delightful soprano solo at "He turneth the floods into a wilderness," and more particularly the *à capella* chorus, "The righteous will consider this"—a very fine number, sung, of course, unaccompanied. With the choir we believe this is the favourite section of the work. Professor Parker has been in England for the

past two months superintending the rehearsals, and he also promises this week to direct the performance.

MR. COLERIDGE TAYLOR'S "THE SOUL'S EXPRESSION"

Mr. Coleridge Taylor's contribution to the Festival was a set of four contralto songs, entitled *The Soul's Expression*, to words by Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Mr. Taylor, by the way, on Saturday attains the age of twenty-five years. He is full of promise for the great position which he has so rapidly gained in musical circles, but he is, beyond question, a man of extraordinary talent, his success (which, by the way, will include a whole even devoted to his *Hiawatha* at the Birmingham Festival next month) is well deserved. *The Soul's Expression* is, however, hardly a very happy example of his talent. The four songs of which the cycle is composed, namely, "The Soul's Expression," "Grief," "Comfort," and "Comfort," are all set to slow tempi, so that there is very little relief, while the orchestration is extremely full, the style as suits the words is more or less sombre. These songs, which by the way are expressly written for Madame Marie Thayer, who undertook to sing them at the Hereford Festival on Thursday evening, would perhaps be more effective if they were set separately; particularly as to the last of the set, the song entitled "Comfort." As specimens of musicianship the songs present much to be admired.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE term of "Indian Summer" has been applied to the first night of September, when, as in the present season, fine calm. The spell of fine and calm weather frequent in November is called St. Martin's summer, that saint's day falling on the 11th N.S. and 23rd O.S., and the fine period extending between the new and old style dates. The still more famous "haleyon" are from December 15 to 25, or thereabouts, and though a vacation for the Aegean rather than for the British coasts, it scarcely have been overlooked how often we have a mild winter, severe winter not setting in before Christmas. There are, on the other hand, periods of a recurrent bad type; for example, the week of March, the 10th to the 20th of May, and frequently rainy, cool period either about July 15 or three weeks later. This year this period arrived exactly three weeks after St. Swithin's. The autumnal Equinox is proverbially stormy, and the week of November is the period when the worst gales on record have occurred. As a whole September tends to be a very dry month in the British climatic region, the so-called Equinoctial gales are frequently postponed until it is October. The thunderstorms which so often break in July and August are very rare in September. This year we have thus far been repeating the agreeable experience of the Septembers of 1868, 1871, 1873, 1878, 1881, 1883, 1888, 1890, 1893, 1895, 1898, and 1899.

COUNTRY ROADS

The sporting Press has ever appreciated the saving grace of humour, and humorous intention must probably be assigned to a recent sporting writer, who affirms that the pedestrian should be forbidden to be found on the road except where there are no footpaths. This he states "would be ideal," and the opinion receives no editorial rebuke. It at least is a warning as



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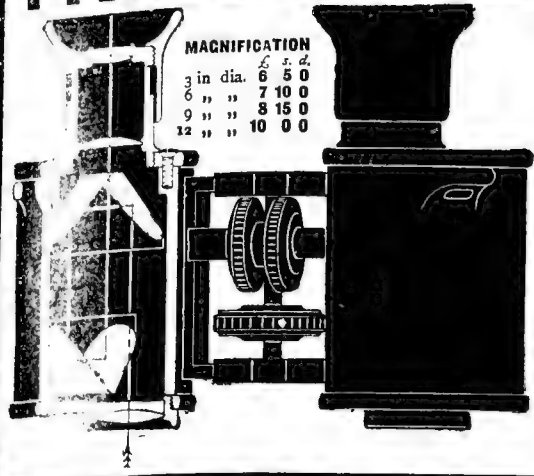
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what "the bicycling interest" regards as a policy, as a perfect state of the law. Whether a Society for the Preservation of Pedestrians will be formed as a counterpoise we know not; perhaps the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments might add this to their cares. Meanwhile, the obsolescent individuals who still walk will do well to defend their country roads, for even our authority on "Wheels and Ways" is good enough to allow that where there are no footpaths the pedestrian may still be suffered. Most country roads give all their width to possible traffic; for farm waggons are broad (even when not loaded with hay), and the charioteer managed to get on for some centuries without making the bicyclist's discovery that the pedestrian must be confined. The dangers of the road are unquestionably increased by the number of bicycles, but if the pedestrian keeps to the right he has the wheelmen coming towards him. They can see him at a good distance by day, and at night their light approaching is a warning and an indication. The pedestrian has only then to squeeze himself into the hedge or vault the nearest side gate to be comparatively safe.

ARABLE

Wheat is still losing ground in England. What crops are gaining? Oats and potatoes. The barley area is stationary. Oats will do well in wetter seasons than suit wheat, but it is somewhat surprising to see the acreage increased after the hot and dry seasons of 1898 and 1899. The increase in oats and potatoes is not nearly so great as the decrease in wheat, so that the tendency of land to pass from arable to pasture goes on unchecked. Nobody can view this with equanimity, for a similar movement early in the sixteenth

century was followed by the most severe agricultural depression on record. The labour difficulty is alleged to be the reason of the present change, but the uniformly low price of both wheat and barley remains the principal cause.

HARVEST RAINFALL

Harvest in England may be said to have begun on July 25 with rye and winter oats, and to have ended on September 8 with late spring sowings of oats and of barley. Wheat harvest began in earnest about August 8, and was pushed, despite very showery weather, with such vigour that on August 31 very few fields remained to be carried even in the north; that is, of England—in Scotland there is corn still out. The rainfall of this critical harvest period of forty-five days has in London been exactly four inches, of which 3.25 fell in August. The rainfall on the average for the forty-five days is 3.20 in., of which 2.40 is the share of the harvest month. Thus the London area has had a decided excess of rainfall at a time when dry weather is a desideratum. Country records are most diverse. Kent in August had 2½ in. of rain, Dorset only 1½ in., Devon and Cornwall, a rather "wet" region, just 2 in. But Oxford and the Western Midlands had 4 in., like London. Yarmouth had 3.75 in. in August alone, and Wales has had 4 in. These figures point to great diversities as probable in the condition of the new crops.

THE WHEAT CROP

Harvest is now over and threshings, though not far advanced, include a certain proportion of samplings in almost every county. Opinion, therefore, is rapidly crystallising into something like

tangible shape, and we have a tolerably general view current as to what the home crop this year amounts to. On an area of a little under nineteen hundred thousand acres, a trifle over fifty million bushels is estimated as having been secured. This is a little over 28 bushels to the acre, and represents about 28½ bushels in England and Scotland, 26 bushels in Ireland, and 24 bushels in Wales. The yield just secured is probably not quite so good as that of 1897, but is considerably better than the yields of 1895 or 1893. The average yield in England for the past ten years has been close upon thirty bushels to the acre, but 1894, 1898, and 1899 were all exceptionally good years.

THE BARLEY CROP

The fine weather from August 23 to September 8 gave farmers a full fortnight of working days wherein to secure the barley, though the rains from August 6 to 22 had been too heavy to do much work. The colour of the barley ought but harm, the subsequent fine weather has minimised the previous evil. The best authorities are now well agreed in reckoning the crop at 69,356,672 bushels, being this year 2,159,396 acres produced 74,530,406 bushels, which was this year 34 bushels to the acre. In 1895, when the yield was 34 bushels to the acre, there was 2,338,057 acres under cultivation, so that the total yield was a good deal larger than it is to-day. The moderate area and moderate yield per acre coinciding this season the total barley crop must be reckoned the smallest for several years. The price of good malt samples will certainly range high.

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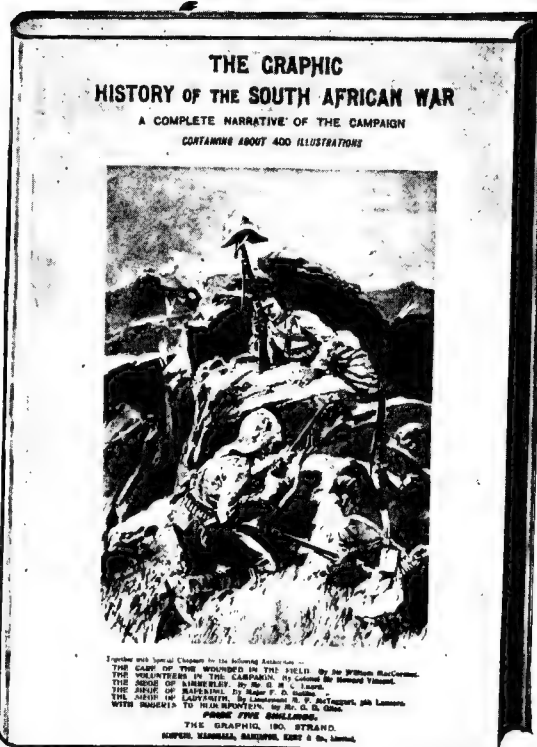
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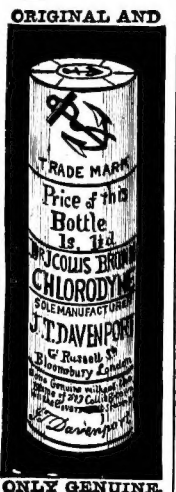
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